

John Beaufoy
THE
TEMPLE.

Sacred Poems,
AND PRIVATE
EJACULATIONS.

By Mr. George *Herbert*,
Late ORATOR of the University
of CAMBRIDGE.

Together with His LIFE.

P S A L. xxix.

In his Temple doth every Man speak of his Honour.

*The Thirteenth Edition Corrected, with the
Addition of an Alphabetical Table.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for John Wyat at the Rose in St. Paul's
Church-Yard, and Eben. Tracy at the Three
Bibles on London-Bridge. 1709.



M
G B

R

Had I
Of the
Who
Great
I owe
For the
Speak
The C
In the
These
Was M
Nay, a
Would
What
Betwe

A
MEMORIAL

To the Honourable
GEORGE HERBERT,
Author of the
Sacred POEMS,
Who died about *Anno* 1635.

REad o'er these Raptures with a curious
Eye,
You must conclude this *Eagle* soared high:
Montgomery Castle was the Place where he
Had his first Breathing and Nativity.
Of that most Noble House this *Hero* came,
Who left the World this Legacy of Fame.
Great Saint, unto thy Memory and Shrine
I owe all Veneration, save Divine,
For thy rare Poems, Piety and Pen
Speak thee no less than Miracle of Men.
The Graces all, both Moral and Divine,
In thee concenter, and with thee combine:
These Sacred Lessons, set to thy sweet Lute,
Was Musick that would make *Apollo* mute:
Nay, all those warbling Chanters of the Spring
Would sit half tame, to hear *Arion* sing.
What Province hath produc'd a greater Soul
Between the Artique and Antartique Pole,

Than *Wales* hath done? where *HERBERT*'s
Church shall be

A lasting Pyramid for him and thee.

What Father of a Church can you rehearse,
That gain'd more Souls to God, 'twixt Prose and
Verse?

What Orator had more Magnetick Strains,

What Poet such a Fancy, Pen or Brains,

In our great Hierarchy? Shew me the Man,

That sang more sadly than this dying *Swan*,

This Bird of Paradise, this *Gloeworm* bright,

This *Philomel*, this Glory of the Night.

Seeing the Deluge rage, the Clouds still dark,

Restless below, return'd up to the Ark,

This sacred Dove, before he scal'd the Skies,

Rarely set forth, the World's great Sacrifice;

A melting P O E M, all the rest so high,

That the dull World may learn to live and die.

Never did Pen humane, or earring Brain,

Express or vent such a Seraphick Strain.

You that are Poets born, contend and strive,

In spite of Death, dead *HERBERT* to revive,

Bring Wreaths of Larick, an immortal Tree,

To *Salem*'s sacred Hill, for Obsequy.

Parnassus Mount was never so Divine,

To turn the *Muses Water* into Wine.

The *Delphian Poet* went from thence to Rome,

And there was entertain'd as Major Dome;

And though the Bishop, and his Clerks do boast,

That old false Prophet there doth rule the Roast.

A lasting Spring of Blood springs near that Hill,

There he did bath; there you your Vials fill.

'Twill melt your Hearts, to view those Desolations:

Yet from that Spring flows highest Inspirations.

Therein your Annals such Encomiums bring

To his Memorial, as the Doves in Spring.

Such

Such
At

Make

Benb

To t

The

Whe

Whe

No A

To p

Nor

That

That

But n

G

Y

When

And w

You sh

Than s

He was

Th' Ec

Phanix

A Ther

A Plan

Worms

Such Moan as *Egypt's* Vice-Roy once did make
At *Abel-Mizraim* for his Father's sake.
Make your shrill Trumpets; from that thorny Hill,
Benbinnon's Vallies with Amazement fill.
To the Sepulchre go, there Sacrifice
The Distillations of your Hearts and Eyes.
When you depart, fall down and kifs that Land,
Where once his Master's sacred Feet did stand.
No Art or Engine can you safely trust
To polish him, but his own sacred Dust.
Nor can you paint or pencil him too high,
That liv'd and dy'd without an Enemy;
That left behind him this admired Tomb,
But no *Elisba* in *Eliab's* room.

An Epitaph upon the Honourable

GEORGE HERBERT.

YOU weeping Marbles, *Monuments* we trust,
As well with the Injurious as the Just.
When your great Trust at last shall be resign'd,
And when his noble Dust shall be refin'd:
You shall more Gold, Myrrh, Frankincense return,
Than shall be found in great *Augustus* Urn.

He was the Wonder of a better Age,
Th' Eclipse of this, of empty Heads the Rage.
Phænix of *Wales*, of his great Name the Glory,
A Theme above all Verse, beyond all Story.
A Plant of Paradise; which, in a word,
Worms ne'r shall wither, as they did the Gourd.

Go you unborn, *bedew* Dear *Herbert's* Tomb;
No more such *Babes* are in *Dame Nature's* Womb.
No more such blazing *Comets* shall appear,
Nor leave so happy *Influences* here.
Go thaw your *Hearts* at his *Celestial* Fire,
And what you cannot comprehend admire.

Go you dark *Poems*, dark even as the *Skies*,
Make the *Scales* fall from our dark dazling *Eyes*.
Mirrors were made to mend, not mar our *Sight*,
Gloe-worms to glitter in th' most gloomy *Night*.
About those glorious *Regions* he is fled,
Where once *Saint Paul* was rapt and ravished.

Here a Divine, Prophet and Poet lyes,
That lay'd up Manna for Posterities.

P. D. Esq;

The Church Militant.

THE Church's Progress is a Master-piece,
Limn'd to the Life, of *Egypt, Rome, and Greece*;
Wherein he gives the Conclave such a Blow,
They ne'er receiv'd from either Friend or Foe.
England and *France* do bear an equal share
In his Predictions, which Time will declare;
Here's height of Malice, here's prodigious Lust,
Impudent sinning, Cruelty, Distrust;
Here's black Ingratitude, here's Pride and Scorn,
Here's damned Oaths, that cause the Land to mourn;
And here's Oppression, Marks of future Bane,
And here's Hypocrisy the Counter-Pane.

Here's

Here's love of *Guinear*, cursed Root of all,
And here's Religion turn'd up to the Wall :
And could we see with *Herbert's* Eagle Eyes
Without Checkmate Religion Westward flies.
A most sad Sacrifice was made of late
Of God's poor Lambs by Pharisaick Hate.
For Discipline with Doctrine so to jarr,
Was just like bringing Justice to the Bar.
Was it the Will, or Judgment, or Commands,
Of the great *Pilot* for to pass the Sands ;
Well may we hope, that our quick-sighted State
Will take God's Grievance into a Debate.
Cathedral Priests long since have laid about
Hammer and Tongs, to drive Religion out.
Her Grace and Majesty makes them so fraid,
They cry Content, and so espouse her Maid.
She's decent, lovely, chaste, divine they say,
She loves their Sons, that sing our Sins away.
Could we but count the Thousands every Year,
These Dreams consume, the Musick is too dear.
When Eli's Sons made Luxury their God,
Their Widows nam'd their Posthumes Icabod.
They both were slain, God's sacred Ark was lost,
Though they had with it a most mighty Host.
Well may Ingratitude make us all mourn ;
Pearls we receive, poor Peebles we return.
Now *Sein* is swallowing *Tiber* ; if the *Thames*,
By letting in them both pollute her Streams ;
Or if the *Seers* shall connive or wink,
Beware the *Thunderbolt* ; *Migremus hinc.*
O let me die, and not survive to see
Before my Death Religion's Obsequy.
Religion and dear Truth will prove at length
The *Alpha* and *Omega* of our Strength ;
Our *Boiz*, our *Jachin*, our *Great Brittain's* Glory,
Look'd on by *Owls* as a Romantick Story.

Our Cloud, that comes behind us in the Day,
Nights fiery Pillar, to direct our Way.
Our Chariots, Ships and Horsemen, to withstand
The Fury of our Foes by Sea or Land.
Our Eyes may see, as hath been seen before,
Religion's Foes lye floating on the Shore:
The Head of *England's* Church proud *Babels*, but
Will Faith defend, and Peace will *Janus* shut.

Adversus Impia.
Anno 1670.

20 MA 59

¶ The

¶ The Dedication.

Lord, my first Fruits present themselves to thee ;
Yet not mine neither ; For from thee they came,
And must return. Accept of them and me,
And make us strive, who shall sing best thy Name.
Turn their Eyes hither, who shall make a gain ;
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.

The

The TITLES

Of the Several

POEMS

Contained in this BOOK.

A	168	C	150
A <i>Aron</i>	168	<i>The Call</i>	150
<i>Affliction</i>	38, 53,	<i>Charms and Knots</i>	88
	64, 82, 89	<i>Christmas</i>	72
<i>The Agony</i>	29	<i>Church-floor</i>	58
<i>The Altar</i>	18	<i>Church Lock and Key</i>	57
<i>Anagram of the Virgin</i>		<i>Church Militant</i>	184
<i>Mary</i>	69	<i>Church Monuments</i>	56
<i>To all Angels and Saints,</i>		<i>Church Musick</i>	57
	ibid	<i>Church Porch</i>	I
<i>The Answer</i>	163	<i>Church Rents and Schisms</i>	134
<i>A Dialogue Anthem</i>	164	<i>Church Windows</i>	59
<i>Antiphone</i>	45, 85	<i>Clasping of Hands</i>	151
<i>Artillery</i>	132	<i>The Collar</i>	147
<i>Assurance</i>	149	<i>Colof. 3.3. Our Life, &c.</i>	77
<i>Avarice</i>	69		43
		<i>H. Communion</i>	137
		<i>Complaining</i>	165
		<i>Self-condemnation</i>	118
		<i>Confession</i>	98
		<i>Conscience</i>	63
		<i>Constancy</i>	60
		<i>Content</i>	158
		<i>The Cross</i>	The

B	
<i>The Bag</i>	145
<i>The Banquet</i>	175
<i>H. Baptism</i>	36
<i>Bitter-sweet</i>	165
<i>The Brittish Church</i>	102
<i>The Bunch of Grapes</i>	120
<i>Busines</i>	105

The
Dea
Dea
Den
Dial
The
Disc
Divi
Doon
Dota
Dulh

Easte
Easte
The
Empl
L' E
Eph
&
Even

Faith
The
The
The
The
Frail

Giddi
The
The
Good
Grate
Grate
Grief

D		H	
	<i>The Dawning</i>	104	<i>Heaven</i> 182
	<i>Death</i>	180	<i>The Hold-fast</i> 137
	<i>Decay</i>	91	<i>Home</i> 99
	<i>Denial</i>	71	<i>Hope</i> 114
	<i>Dialogue</i>	107	<i>Humility</i> 61
	<i>The Discharge</i>	138	<i>A true Hymn</i> 162
	<i>Discipline</i>	173	I
	<i>Divinity</i>	127	<i>J E S U</i> 145
	<i>Dooms-day</i>	181	<i>The Jews</i> 149
	<i>Dotage</i>	161	<i>The Invitation</i> 174
	<i>Dulness</i>	108	<i>Jordan</i> 48, 95
	E		<i>Joseph's Coat</i> 153
150	<i>Easter</i>	33	<i>Judgment</i> 181
88	<i>Easter-Wings</i>	34, 35	<i>Justice</i> 88, 135
72	<i>The Elixir</i>	128	L
58	<i>Employment</i>	49, 70	<i>Lent</i> 78
57	<i>L' Envoy</i>	192	<i>Life</i> 87
184	<i>Ephes. 4. 30. Grieve not,</i>		<i>Longing</i> 142
56	<i>Etc.</i>	128	<i>Love</i> 45, 46, 183
57	<i>Even-song</i>	55	<i>Love-joy</i> 179
I	F		<i>Love unknown</i> 121
chisms	<i>Faith</i>	41	M
134	<i>The Family</i>	130	<i>Man</i> 83
59	<i>The Flower</i>	160	<i>Man's Medley</i> 123
151	<i>The Foil</i>	170	<i>St. Mary Magdalen</i> 168
147	<i>The Fore-runners</i>	ibid	<i>Mattens</i> 14
, Etc.	<i>Frailty</i>	62	<i>The Method</i> 126
77	G		<i>Misery</i> 92
43	<i>Giddinifs</i>	119	<i>Mortification</i> 90
137	<i>The Glance</i>	166	N
165	<i>The Glimpse</i>	148	<i>Nature</i> 37
118	<i>Good-Friday</i>	30	O
98	<i>Grace</i>	52	<i>Obedience</i> 96
63	<i>Gratefulness</i>	116	<i>The Odour</i> 169
60	<i>Grief</i>	158	<i>An Offering</i> 141
158			
The			Pa.

P		Sepulchre	
Paradise	125	Sighs and Groans	32
A Parody	177	Sin	75
Peace	117	Sins round	37, 55
The Pearl, <i>Matth.</i> 13.	81	The Sinner	114
Perirhanterium	1	Sion	30
The Pilgrimage	135	The Size	99
The Posie	177	The Son	131
Praise	53, 140, 151	The Star	162
Prayer	43, 95	The Storm	65
The Priesthood	154	Submission	125
Providence	109	Sunday	87
The 23d Psalm	167	Superliminare	66
The Pulley	153	T	
Q		The Temper	17
The Quiddity	61	The Thanksgiving	45, 27
The Quip	103	Time	27
R		Trinity-Sunday	115
Redemption	31	V	
Repentance	40	Vanity	59
The Reprisal	28	Virtue	77, 104
The Rose	172	Ungratefulness	18
S		Unkindness	74
The Sacrifice	19	W	
Saints, vide <i>Angels.</i>		The Water-course	86
Schisms, v. <i>C. rents.</i>		Whitsunday	164
H. Scripture	50	The World	51
The Search	156	A Wreath	76
			179

20 MA 59

T H E

THE
CHURCH-PORCH.

¶ *Perirhanterium.*

THou, whose sweet Youth and early Hopes in-
hance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a trea-
sure ;

Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a Bait of Pleasure.

A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

Beware of Lust, it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptism wash'd with his own Blood.
It blots the lesson written in thy Soul ;
The holy lines cannot be understood.

How dare those Eyes upon a Bible look, (Book ?
Much less towards God, whose Lust is all their

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choice of paths : take no by-ways ;
But gladly welcome what he doth afford ;
Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds and stays.
Continence hath his joy : weigh both, and so
If rottenness have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th' encloser : but since now
God hath impal'd us, on the contrary
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plow.
O what were Man, might he himself misplace !
Sure to be cros, he would shift feet and face.

Drink

2 The CHURCH-PORCH.

Drink not the third glafs, which thou can'ft not tame,
When once it is within thee ; but before,
May'ft rule it, as thou lift : and pour the shame,
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.

It is moft juft to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his Mother kill,
Big with his Sifter : He hath loſt the reins,
Is out-law'd by himſelf : All kind of ill
Did with his liquor ſlide into his veins.

The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth deſtroy
All worldly right, ſave what he hath by beaſt.

Shall I, to pleaſe anothers wine-ſprung mind,
Loſe all mine own ? God hath giv'n me a meaſure
Short of his Can and Body : muſt I find
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleaſure ?

Stay at the third Glaſs : If thou loſe thy hold,
Then thou art modeſt, and the wine grows bold.

If reaſon move not Gallants, quit the room ;
All in a ſhipwrack ſhift their ſeveral way :

Let not a common ruin thee intomb :

Be not a beaſt in courteſy ; but ſtay,

Stay at the third cup, or forgo the place.

Wine above all things doth God's ſtamp deſace.

Yet, if thou ſin in wine or wantonneſs,
Boaſt not thereof, nor make thy ſhame thy glory,
Frailty gets pardon by ſubmiſſiveness.

But he that boaſts, ſhuts that out of his ſtory :

He makes flat war with God, and doth deſy.

With his poor clod of earth the ſpacious ſky.

Take

The CHURCH-PORCH. 3

Take not his Name, who made thy mouth, in vain :
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain :
But the cheap swearer through his open sluice
Lets his Soul run for nought, as little fearing :
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate swearing.

When thou dost tell anothers jest, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need :
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin.
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the Virtue of that Name, (tane.
Which is the best stake, when griefs make mee

The cheapest sins most dearly punish'd are ;
Because to shun them also is so cheap :
For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.
O crumble not away thy Souls fair hear.
If thou wilt die, the gates of Hell are broad :
Pride and full sins have made the way a road.

Lie not ; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both :
Cowards tell lies, and those that far the rod ;
The stormy working Soul spits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lye :
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Fly idleness, which yet thou canst not fly
By dressing, mistreッシング, and complement.
If those take up thy day, the Sun will cry
Against thee : For his light was only lent.
God gave thy Soul brave wings ; put not those
Into a bed to sleep out all ill weathers. (feathers

Art

4 *The CHURCH-PORCH.*

Art thou a Magistrate ? then be severe :
If studious, copy fair what time hath blurr'd ;
Redeem truth from his jaws : If soldier,
Chafe brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world. Fool not, for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life or grave.

O *England*, full of sin, but most of sloth !
Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breast with glory :
Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a sheepishness into thy story :
Not that they all are so ; but that the most
Are gone to grass, and in the pasture lost.

This loss springs chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their son,
Some make a partridge, never their Child's fashion :
Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great design ;
And if God's Image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A masting mind ; so both are lost thereby :
Or else they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave : This is flat poverty.
For he that needs five thousand pound to live,
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy son rich, is to fill
His mind with rest before his trunk with riches :
For wealth without contentment climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests which fly over ditches.
But if thy son can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When

The CHURCH-PORCH. 5

When thou dost purpose ought (within thy power)
Be sure to do it, though it be but small :

Constancy knits the bones, and makes us tower,

When wanton pleasures becken us to thrall.

Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself :

What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

Do all things like a Man, not sneakingly :

Think the King sees thee still ; for his King does.

Simp'ring is but a lay-hypocrisy :

Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.

Who fears to do ill, sets himself to task :

Who fears to do well, sure should wear to mask.

Look to thy mouth : Diseases enter there,

Thou hast two sconses, if thy stomach call ;

Carve, or discourse ; do not a famine fear.

Who carves, is kind to two ; who talks, to all.

Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit :

And say with all, *Earth to Earth I commit.*

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,

Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so but men ?

Houses are built by rule, and Common-wealths.

Entice the trusty Sun, if that you can,

From his Ecliptick Line ; becken the sky.

Who lives by rule then keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himself, is slack,

And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.

Man is a shop of rules, a well-tru's'd pack.

Whose every parcel under-writes a law.

Lose not thy self, nor give thy humours way :

God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By

6 The CHURCH-PORCH.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thy self: See what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thy own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: Therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live:
Then live, and use it: Else it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the year: But age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy Children, Kindred, Friends upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil;
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things else. Wealth is the conjurer's devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou may'st safely touch; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head;
Take stars for money; stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.
None is so wastful as the scraping dame;
She loseth three for one; her soul, rest, fame.

By

The CHURCH-PORCH. 7

By no means run in Debt : Take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on Twenty Pound a Year,
Cannot on Forty : He's a Man of Pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for it self too dear.

The curious unthrift makes his Clothes too wide,
And spares himself, but would his Taylor chide.

Spend not on Hopes. They that by pleading Clothes
Do Fortunes seek, when Worth and Service fail,
Would have their Tale believed for their Oaths,
And are like empty Vessels under sail.

Old Courtiers know this : Therefore set out so,
As all the Day thou may'st hold out to go.

In Clothes cheap Handsomness doth bear the Bell.
Wisdom's a trimmer thing than Shop e're gave.
Say not then, This with that Lace will do well ;
But this with my Discretion will be brave.

Much Curiousness is a perpetual Wooing,
Nothing with Labour, Folly long a doing.

Play not for Gain, but Sport. Who plays for more
Than he can lose with Pleasure stakes his Heart :
Perhaps his Wife's too, and whom she hath bore :
Servants and Churches also play their part.

Only a Herald, who that way doth pass, (glass.
Finds his crackt Name at length in the Church-

If yet thou love Game at so dear a rate,
Learn this, that hath old Gamesters dearly cost :
Dost lose ? rise up : Dost win ? rise in that State.
Who strive to sit out losing Hands are lost.

Game is a civil Gunpowder, in Peace
Blowing up Houses, with their whole Encrease.

8 The CHURCH-PORCH.

In Conversation Boldness now bears sway.
But know that nothing can so foolish be,
As empty Boldness: Therefore first assay
To stuff thy Mind with solid Bravery;
Then march on gallant: Get substantial Worth,
Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy Complexion sow'r?
Then keep such Company; make them thy Allay:
Get a sharp Wife, a Servant that will low'r.
A Stumbler stumbles least in rugged Way.
Command thy self in chief. He Lives War knows,
Whom all his Passions follow as he goes.

Catch not at Quarrels. He that dares not speak
Plainly and Home, is Coward of the two.
Think not thy Fame at every Twitch will break:
By great Deeds shew, that thou canst little do;
And do them not: that shall thy Wisdom be;
And change thy Temperance into Bravery.

If that thy Fame with every Toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thin Web, which poisonous Fancies make;
But the great Soldiers Honour was compos'd
Of thicker Stuff, which would endure a shake.
Wisdom picks Friends; Civility plays the rest.
A Toy shun'd cleanly passeth with the best.

Laugh not too much: the witty Man laughs least:
For Wit is News only to Ignorance.
Less at thy own Things laugh; lest in the Jest
Thy Person share, and the Conceit advance.
Make not thy Sport Abuses: for the Fly,
That feeds on Dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick

The CHURCHPORCH. 9

Pick out of Mirth, like Stones out of thy Ground,
Profaneness, Filthiness, Abusiveness.

These are the Scum, with which Course Wits abound:
The Fine may spare these well, yet not go less.

All Things are big with Jest: nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the Vein.

Wit's an unruly Engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a Friend, sometimes the Engineer;
Hast thou the Knack? pamper it not with liking:
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.

Many affecting Wit beyond their Power,
Have got to be a dear Fool for an Hour.

A sad wise Valour is the brave Complexion,
That leads the Van, and swallows up the Cities.
The Gigler is a Milk-maid, whom Infection
Or a fir'd Beacon frighteth from his Ditties.

Then he's the Sport: the Mirth then in him rests,
And the sad Man is cock of all his Jest.

Towards great Persons use respective Boldness:
That Temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine. In Service, Care, or Coldness,
Doth ratably thy Fortunes mar or make.

Feed no Man in his Sins: for Adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in Damnation.

Envy not Greatness: for thou mak'st thereby
Thy self the worse, and so the Distance greater:
Be not thine own Worm: Yet such Jealousy,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good Spur. Correct thy Passions Spite;
Then may the Beasts draw thee to happy Light.

When

10 The CHURCH-PORCH.

When Baseness is exalted, do not bate
The Place its Honour for the Person's sake.
The Shrine is that which thou dost venerate ;
And not the Beast, that bears it on his Back.
I care not though the Cloth of State should be
Not of rich Arras, but mean Tapestry.

Thy Friend put in thy Bosom : Wear his Eyes
Still in thy Heart, that he may see what's there.
If Cause require, thou art his Sacrifice ;
Thy Drops of Blood must pay down all his Fear ;
But Love is lost, the Way of Friendship's gon,
Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, *Christ* his *John*.

Yet be not Surety, if thou be a Father.
Love is a Personal Debt. I cannot give
My Childrens Right, nor ought he take it : Rather
Both Friends should die, than hinder them to live.
Fathers first enter Bonds to Natures Ends ;
And are her Sureties, e'er they are a Friend's.

If thou be single, all thy Good and Ground
Submit to Love ; but yet not more than all.
Give one Estate, as one Life. None is bound
To work for Two, who brought himself to Thrall.
God made me one Man ; Love makes me no more,
Till Labour come and make my Weakness score.

In thy Discourse, if thou desire to please,
All such is courteous, useful, new, or witty,
Usefulness comes by Labour, Wit by Ease ;
Courtesy grows in Court, News in the City.
Get a good stock of these, then draw the Card
That suits him best, of whom thy Speech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know best ;
For so thou dost thy self and him a Pleasure :
Put a proud Ignorance will lose his Rest,
Rather than shew his Cards : steal from his Treasures

What

The CHURCH-PORCH. II

What to ask further. Doubts well rais'd, do lock
The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

If thou be master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak at once ; but husband it,
And give Men turns of speech : Do not forestal
By lavishness thine own and others wit,
As if thou mad'st thy will. A civil guest
Will no more talk all, than eat all the feast.

Be calm in arguing : For fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sicknesses or poverty ?
In love I should ; but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither ; therefore gently move.

Calmness is great advantage : He that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire :
Mark all his wand'rings, and enjoy his frets ;
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire. (there
Truth dwells not in the clouds : The bow that's
Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

Mark what another says : For many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.
Take all into thee ; then with equal care,
Ballance each dram of Reason, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both ;
Share in the conquest, and confess a troth.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
To compass this. Find out mens wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less.
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

B

Pitch

12 The CHURCH-PORCH.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy project high ;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be :
Sink not in spirit ; who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much, than he that means a tree.

A grain of glory mix'd with humbleness
Cures both a Fever, and Lethargickness.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how the business may be done.
Slackness breeds worms ; but the sure traveller,
Though he alights sometimes, still goeth on.

Active and stirring spirits live alone.

Write on the others, *Here lies such an one.*

Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be
In love or honour ; take account of all :
Shine like the sun in every corner : See
Whether thy stock of credit swell or fall.

Who say, *I care not*, those I give for lost ;
And to instruct them, 'twill not quit the cost.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree ;
Love is a present for a mighty King ;
Much less make any one thine enemy,
As guns destroy, so may a little sling.

The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

All foreign wisdom doth amount to this,
To take all that is given ; whether wealth,
Or love, or language, nothing comes amiss ;
A good digestion turneth all to health :
And then, as far as fair behaviour may,
Strike off all scores ; none are so clear as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All foreign of that name ; but scorn their ill.
Embrace their activeness, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.

IF
In

Affec
That
Slover
Before
Let
Up

In Al
Think
Only t
Joyn h
Give
Till

Man is
Christ's
God rec
Write,
Let t
Open

Restore
A tithe
Sundays
Tis Ang
God t
Who v

Twice on
For all th
Thy chea
Because
Thwart
Fast wh

114 The CHURCH-PORCH.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet publick hath more promises, more love ;
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suiters ; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven ;
Pray with the most ; for where most pray, is heav'n.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare.
God is more there than thou : For thou art there
Only by his Permission. Then beware,
And make thy self all reverence and fear. (state
Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stocking : Quit thy
All equal are within the Churches gate.

Resort to Sermons, but to prayers most :
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest,
Stay not for th' other pin. Why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell dost jest
Away thy blessings, and extreamly flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about
(thee

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart, that spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise.
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in Church-time others symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part ;
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasure thither
Christ purg'd his Temple ; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy action well,
For Churches either are our Heaven or Hell.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy Judge :
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot ;

Th
Go

He th
Preach
He th
Which
He t
Wit

Jest no
How k
Then t
God se
And
Thou

None fl
As tho
Whom
They dr
The
Thou

Sum up
And in
Dress an
And gro
Be do
More

In brief,
Look no
Defer no
Make no
If thou
If wel

The CHURCH-PORCH. 15

The worst speak something good : If all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.

He that by being at Church, escapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.

He that loves God's abode, and to combine

With Saints on earth, shall one day with them
(shine.

Test not at preachers language or expression :

How know'st thou but thy sins made him miscarry ?

Then turn thy faults and his into confession :

God sent him whatsoe're he be : O tarry,

And love him for his Master : His condition,

Though it be ill, makes him no ill Physician.

None shall in Hell such bitter Pangs endure,

As those who mock at God's way of Salvation.

Whom Oil and Balsams kill, what salve can cure ?

They drink with greediness a full Damnation.

The *Jews* refused thunder; and we folly.

Though God do hedge us in, yet who is Holy ?

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day ;

And in the morning, what thou hast to do.

Dress and undress thy Soul : Mark the decay

And growth of it : If with thy watch, that too

Be down, then wind up both : Since we shall be

More surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely : play the Man.

Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.

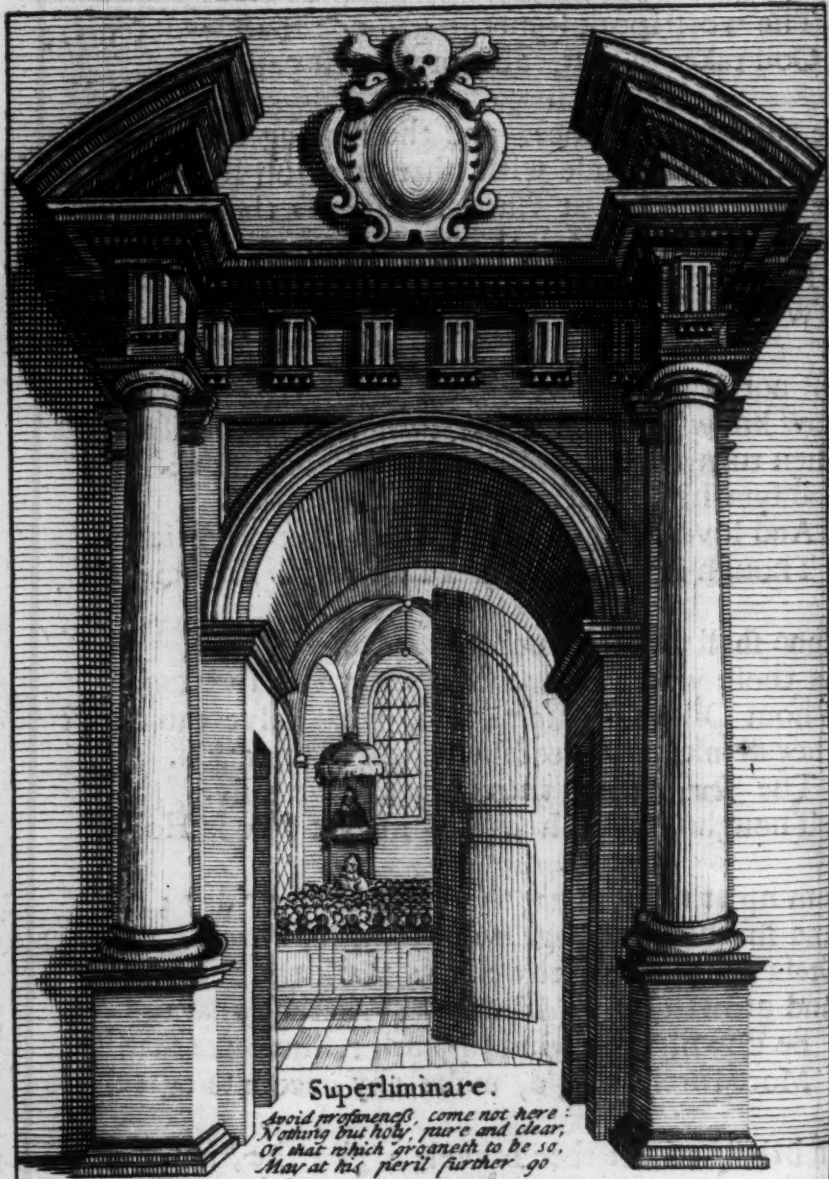
Defer not the least virtue . Lifes poor span

Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains :

If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

THE CHURCH PORCH



Superliminare.

*Avoid profaneness, come not here:
Nothing but holy, pure and clear;
Or that which groaneth to be so,
May at his peril further go.*

*Then whom the former Precepts have
Sprinkled, and taught how to behave
Thy self in Church; approach and taste
The Churches Mystical Repast.*

THE CHURCH

THE ALTAR

*A broken Altar Lord thy Servant rears;
Made of a heart & cemented wth tears:
Whose parts are as thy hand did frame,
No workmans tool hath touch'd of same.*

A HEART alone

Is such a Stone

As nothing but

Thy power doth cut.

Wherefore each part

Of my hard heart,

Meets in this frame

To praise thy name

That if I chance to hold my peace,

These stones to praise thee may not cease.

O let thy blessed Sacrifice be mine,

And sanctify this Altar to be thine.



¶ The Sacrifice.

O H all ye, who pass by, whose eyes and mind
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind ;
To me, who took eyes that I might you find.
Was ever grief like mine ?

The Princes of my people make a head
Against their Maker : They do wish me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread :
Was ever Grief, &c.

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
Had to this day been an *Egyptian* slave.
They use that power against me, which I gave.
Was ever grief, &c.

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did bear,
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To sell me also, and to put me there.
Was ever grief, &c.

For thirty pence he did my Death devise,
Who at three Hundred did the Ointment prize,
Not half so sweet as my sweet Sacrifice.
Was ever Grief, &c.

Therefore my soul melts, and my hearts dear treasure
Drops blood (the only beads) my words to measure.
O let this Cup pass, if it be thy pleasure.
Was ever grief, &c.

These drops being temper'd with a sinners tears,
A Balsam are for both the Hemispheres,
Curing all wounds but mine ; all but my fears.
Was ever grief, &c.
Yet

Yet m
One h
Comf

Arise,
Alas !
How v

With
Who a
Most t

Judas,
Canst t
Of life,

See the
Of Fai
I suffer

All my
Betwix
That br

Then fr
They le
What I

The CHURCH.

19

Yet my Disciples sleep : I cannot gain
One hour of watching ; but their drowsie brain
Comforts not me, and doth my Doctrine stain.

Was ever grief like mine ?

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they run !
Alas ! what haste they make to be undone !
How with their lanthorns do they seek the Sun !

Was ever grief, &c.

With clubs and slaves they seek me as a Thief,
Who am the way of Truth, the true Relief,
Most true to those, who are my greatest grief.

Was ever grief, &c.

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kiss ?
Canst thou find hell about my lips ? and miss
Of life, just at the gates of life and bliss ?

Was ever grief, &c.

See they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of Faith, but Fury ; yet at their commands,
I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands.

Was ever grief, &c.

All my Disciples flee ; fear puts a bar
Betwixt my Friends and me. They leave that Star,
That brought the Wise-men of the East from far.

Was ever grief, &c.

Then from one Ruler to another bound
They lead me ; urging, that it was not found
What I taught. Comments would the Text con-

(found.

Was ever grief, &c.

The CHURCH.

The Priests and Rulers all false witness seek
 'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
 And ready Paschal Lamb of this great week.

Was ever Grief like mine ?

Then they accuse me of great Blasphemy,
 That I did thrust into the Deity,
 Who never thought that any Robbery.

Was ever Grief, &c.

Some said, that I the Temple to the floor
 In three days raz'd, and raised as before.
 Why, he that built the World can do much more.

Was ever grief, &c.

Then they condemn me all with the same breath,
 Which I do give them daily, unto death.
 Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth.

Was ever grief, &c.

They bind, and lead me unto *Herod* ; He
 Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree ;
 But yet their friendship is my enmitie.

Was ever grief, &c.

Herod and all his bands do set me light,
 Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,
 And only am the Lord of Host and might.

Was ever grief, &c.

Herod in judgment sits, while I do stand ;
 Examines me with a censorious hand :
 I him obey, who all things else command.

Was ever grief, &c.

The

The CHURCH.

21

The *Jews* accuse me with despitefulness ;
And vying malice with my gentleness,
Pick quarrels with their only happiness.

Was ever grief like mine ?

I answer nothing, but with patience prove
If stony Hearts will melt with gentle love ;
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove ?

Was ever grief, &c.

My silence rather doth augment their cry ;
My dove doth back into my bosom fly.
Because the raging waters still are high.

Was ever grief, &c.

Hark how they cry aloud still, *Crucifie* ;
It is not fit he live a day, they cry ;
Who cannot live less than eternally.

Was ever grief, &c.

Pilate a stranger, holdeth off, but they,
Mine own dear People, cry, *Away, Away,*
With noises confused frightening the day.

Was ever grief, &c.

Yet still they shout and cry, and stop their ears,
Putting my life among their sins and fears,
And therefore with my blood on them and theirs.

Was ever grief, &c.

See how spite cankers things ! These words aright
Used, and wished, are the whole worlds delight ;
But honey is their gall, brightness their night.

Was ever grief, &c.

They

They chuse a murderer, and all agree
 In him to do themselves a courtesie :
 For it was their own cause that killed me ;
Was ever grief like mine ?

And a seditious murderer he was :
 But I, the Prince of Peace ; peace that doth pass
 All understanding, more than Heav'n doth glafs.
Was ever grief, &c.

Why, *Casár* is their only King, not I :
 He clave the stony Rock, when they were dry ;
 But surely not their Hearts, as I well try.
Was ever grief, &c.

Ah, how they scourge me ! yet my tenderness
 Doubles each lash : And yet their bitterness
 Winds up my grief to a mysteriousness.
Was ever grief, &c.

They buffet me, and box me as they list,
 Who grasp the Earth and Heaven with my fist,
 And never yet, whom I would punish, miss'd.
Was ever grief, &c.

Behold, they spit on me in scornful wise ;
 Who by my spittle gave the blind man eyes,
 Leaving his blindness to mine enemies.
Was ever grief, &c.

My face they cover, though it be divine ;
 As *Moses* face was veiled, so is mine,
 Left on their double dark souls either shine.
Was ever grief, &c.

Servants

The CHURCH.

23

Servants and abjects flout me ; they are witty :
Now prophesy who strikes thee, is their ditty :
So they in me deny themselves all pity.

Was ever grief like mine ?

And now I am delivered unto death,
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
That he before me well-nigh suffereth.

Was ever grief, &c.

Weep not, dear Friends, since I for both have wept,
When all my Tears were blood, the while you slept :
Your Tears for your own Fortunes should be kept.

Was ever grief, &c.

The Souldiers led me to the common hall ;
There they deride me, they abuse me all :
Yet for twelve Heav'nly Legions I could call.

Was ever grief, &c.

Then with a scarlet Robe they me array ;
Which shews my Blood to be the only way,
And cordial left to repair man's decay.

Was ever grief, &c.

Then on my Head a crown of thorns I wear,
For these are all the grapes Sion doth bear,
Though I my Vine planted and wat'ed there.

Was ever grief, &c.

So sits the Earths great curse in Adam's fall
Upon my head ; so I remove it all
From th' earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall,

Was ever grief, &c.

Then

The CHURCH.

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
They strike my head, the rock from whence all store
Of heav'nly blessings issue evermore.

Was ever grief like mine ?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail King ;*
Whatever scoffs or scornfulness can bring,
I am the floor, the sink, where they it fling.

Was ever grief, &c.

Yet since man's scepters are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds ;
I, who am truth, turn into truth their deeds.

Was ever grief, &c.

The soldiers also spit upon that face,
Which Angels did desire to have the grace,
And Prophets once to see, but found no place.

Was ever grief, &c.

Thus trimmed forth, they bring me to the rout,
Who *crucify him* cry with one strong shout,
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out.

Was ever grief, &c.

They lead me in once more, and putting then
Mine own Clothes on, they lead me out again ;
Whom Devils fly, thus he is toss'd of men.

Was ever grief, &c.

And now, weary of sport, glad to engross
All spite in one, counting my life their loss,
They carry me to my most bitter cross.

Was ever grief, &c.

My

The CHURCH.

25

My cross I bear my self, until I faint:
Then *Simon* bears it for me by constraint,
The decreed burden of each mortal Saint.
Was ever grief like mine.

O all ye who pass by, behold and see;
Man stole the Fruit, but I must climb the Tree;
The Tree of Life to all but only me.
Was ever grief, &c.

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sin,
The greater world o' th'two: For that came in
By words; but this by sorrow I must win.
Was ever grief, &c.

Such sorrow, as if sinful man did feel,
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel,
Till all were melted, tho' he were all steel.
Was ever grief, &c.

But, *O my God, my God!* why leav'st thou me,
The Son, in whom thou dost delight to be?
My God, my God——
Was ever grief, &c.

Shame tears my Soul, my Body many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;
Reproaches, which are free, while I am bound.
Was ever grief, &c.

Now heal thy self, Physician; now come down.
Alas! I did so, when I left my Crown;
And Father's smile for you, to feel his frown.
Was ever grief, &c.

In healing not my self, there doth consist
All that salvation which ye now resist ;
Your safety in my sickness doth subsist.

Was ever grief like mine.

Betwixt two thieves I spend my utmost breath,
As he that for some robbery suffereth.
Alas ! what have I stol'n from you ? Death.

Was ever grief, &c.

A King my title is prefixt on high ;
Yet by my subjects I'm condemn'd to die
A servile death in servile company.

Was ever grief, &c.

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,
But more with malice: Yet when they did call,
With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all.

Was ever grief, &c.

They part my Garments, and by lot dispose
My Coat, the type of Love, which once cur'd those
Who sought for help, never malicious foes.

Was ever grief, &c.

Nay, after death, their spite shall further go :
For they will pierce my Side, I full well know ;
That as sin came, so Sacraments might flow.

Was ever grief, &c.

But now I die ; now all is finished.
My wo, man's weal ; and now I bow my head.
Only let others say, when I am dead,

Never was grief like mine,

The

¶ The Thanksgiving.

O H King of grief ! (a title strange, yet true,
 To thee of all Kings only due.)
 Oh King of wounds ! how shall I grieve for thee,
 Who in all grief preventest me ?
 Shall I weep blood ? why thou hast wept such store,
 That all thy body was one gore.
 Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold ?
 'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
 My God, my God, why dost thou part from me ?
 Was such a Grief as cannot be.
 Shall I then sing, skipping thy doleful story,
 And side with thy triumphant Glory ?
 Shall thy strokes be my stroking ? thorns my flower ?
 Thy rod my posy ? cross, my bower ?
 But how then shall I imitate thee, and
 Copy thy fair, though bloody hand ?
 Surely I will revenge me on thy Love,
 And try who shall victorious prove.
 If thou dost give me wealth, I will restore
 All back unto thee by the poor.
 If thou dost give me honour, men shall see
 The honour doth belong to thee.
 I will not marry ; or if she be mine,
 She and her Children shall be thine.
 My bosom-friend, if he blaspheme thy name,
 I will tear thence his love and fame.
 One half of me being gone, the rest I give
 Unto some Chappel, die or live.
 As for my Passion— But of that anon,
 When with the other I have done.
 For thy Predestination, I'll contrive,
 That three years hence, if I survive,

I'll build a Spittle, or mend common Ways,
 But mend my own without delays.
 Then I will use the works of thy creation,
 As if I us'd them but for fashion.
 The world and I will quarrel ; and the year
 Shall not perceive that I am here.
 My Musick shall find thee, and ev'ry string
 Shall have his attribute to sing,
 That altogether may accord in me,
 And prove one God, one Harmony.
 If thou shalt give me Wit, it shall appear,
 If thou hast giv'n it me, 'tis here.
 Nay, I will read thy Book, and never move,
 Till I have found therein thy love ;
 Thy art of Love, which I'll turn back on thee,
 O my dear Saviour, Victory !
 Then for my Passion—— I will do for that——
 Alas ! my God, I know not what.

¶ The Reprisal.

I Have consider'd it, and find
 There is no dealing with thy mighty Passion :
 For though I die for thee, I am behind ;
 My sins deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
 May give a disentangled state and free ;
 And yet thy Wounds still my attempts defie,
 For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah ! was it not enough that thou
 By thy eternal Glory didst outgo me ?
 Could'st thou not grief's sad conquest me allow,
 But in all vict'ries overthrow me ?

Yet

Yet by confession will I come
Into the conquest. Though I can do nought
Against thee, in thee I will overcome
The man, who once against thee fought.

¶ *The Agony.*

Philosophers have measur'd Mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of Seas, of States and Kings,
Walk'd with a staff to Heav'n, and trac'd Fountains :
But there are two vast, spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove ;
Yet few there are that found them, Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
Unto Mount Olivet ; there shall he see
A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His skin, his garments bloody be.
Sin is that Press and Vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruel food through every vein.

Who knows not love, let him assay,
And taste that juice, which on the Cross a pike
Did set abroad ; then let him say,
If ever he did taste the like.
Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as Blood, but I as Wine.

¶ *The*

Yet

¶ *The Sinner.*

LOrd, how am I all ague when I seek
 What I have treasur'd in my memory !
 Since, if my soul make even with the week,
 Each seventh note by right is due to thee.

I find three quarries of pil'd vanities,
 But shreds of holiness, that dare not venture
 To shew their face, since cross to thy decrees :
 There the circumference Earth is, Heav'n the cen-
 (tre;

In so much dregs the quintessence is small :
 The spirit and good extract of my heart
 Comes to about the many hundredth part.
 Yet Lord restore thy Image, hear my call :
 And tho my hard heart scarce to thee can grone,
 Remember that thou once didst write in stone.

¶ *Good-Friday.*

O My chief good,
 How shall I measure out thy blood ?
 How shall I count what thee befel,
 And each grief tell ?

Shall I thy woes
 Number according to thy foes ?
 Or, since one star shew'd thy first breath,
 Shall all thy death ?

Or shall each leaf,
 Which falls in Autumn, score a grief ?
 Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be sign
 Of the true Vine ?

Then

Then let each hour
Of my whole life one grief devour ;
That thy distress through all may run,
And be my fun.

Or rather let
My sev'ral sins their sorrows get :
That as each beast his cure doth know,
Each sin may so.

Since blood is fittest, Lord, to write
Thy sorrows in, and bloody flight ;
My heart hath store, write there, where in
One box doth lie both ink and sin :

That when sin spies so many foes,
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
All come to lodge there, sin may say,
No room for me, and fly away.

Sin being gone, oh fill the place,
And keep possession with thy grace ;
Left sin take Courage, and return,
And all thy writings blot or burn.

¶ *Redemption.*

Having been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
And make a suit unto him to afford
A new small-rented Lease, and cancel th' old.

In Heav'n, at his Manor I him sought :
They told me there that he was lately gone
About some land, which he had dearly bought
Long since on Earth, to take possession.

I straight return'd, and knowing his great Birth,
 Sought him accordingly in great resorts,
 In Cities, Theatres, Gardens, Parks, and Courts :
 At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth
 Of thieves and Murderers : There I him espied,
 Who straight, *Your suit is granted*, said, and died

¶ Sepulchre.

O Blessed Body ! Whither art thou thrown ?
 No lodging for thee, but a cold hard stone ?
 So many hearts on earth, and yet not one

Receive thee ?

Sure there is room within our hearts good store,
 For they can lodge transgressions by the score ;
 Thousands of toys dwell there, yet out of door

They leave thee.

But that which shews them large, shews them unfit
 What ever sin did this pure Rock commit,
 Which holds thee now ? Who hath indited it

Of murder ?

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain
 And missing this most falsely did arraign thee ; (thee,
 Only these stones in quiet entertain thee,

And order.

And as of old the law by heav'nly art
 Was writ in stone ; so thou, which also art
 The letter of the word, find'st no fit heart

To hold thee.

Yet do we still persist as we began,
 And so should perish, but that nothing can,
 Tho it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man

With-hold thee.

Easter.

Easter.

Rise, heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his Praise
 Without delays,
 Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
 With him may'st rise:

That, as his Death calcined thee to dust,
 His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

Awake, my Lute, and struggle for thy part
 With all thy art.

The Cross taught all wood to resound his name,
 Who bore the same.

His stretched sinews taught all strings, what Key
 Is best to celebrate this most high Day.

Confort both heart and lute, and twist a song
 Pleasant and long

Or, since all Musick is but three parts vied,
 And multiplied;

O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
 And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I Got me Flowers to strew thy way;
 I got me Boughs off many a Tree:
 But thou wast up by break of day,
 And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
 Though he give light, and th' East perfume;
 If they should offer to contest
 With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
 Though many Suns to shine endeavour?
 We count three hundred, but we miss:
 There is but one, and that one ever.

Easter-

¶ *Easter-Wings.*

Lord, who created'st Man in Wealth and Store,
 Though foolishly he lost the same,
 Decaying more and more,
 Till he became
 Most poor :

With thee
 O let me rise
 As Larks, harmoniously,
 And sink this Day thy Victories:
 Then shall the Fall further the Flight in me.

¶ *Easter-*

¶ *Easter-Wings.*

My tender Age in Sorrow did begin;
And still with Sickneses and Shame,
Thou didst so punish Sin,
That I became
Most thin.

With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this Day thy Victory:
For if I imp my Wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the Flight in me.

C

¶ *Holy*

¶ *Holy Baptism.*

AS he that sees a dark and shady grove,
 Stays not, but looks beyond it on the sky ;
 So when I view my sins, mine Eyes remove
 More backward still, and to that water fly,

Which is above the Heav'ns, whose spring and vent
 Is in my dear Redeemer's pierced side.

O blessed streams ! either you do prevent
 And stop our sins from growing thick and wide,

Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.

In your Redemption measures all my time,
 And spreads the plaister equal to the crime :

You taught the Book of Life my name, that so,
 Whatever future sins should me miscall,
 Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

¶ *Holy Baptism.*

Since Lord, to thee
 A narrow way and little gate
 Is all the passage, on my Infancy
 Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
 My faith in me,

O let me still

Write thee great God, and me a child :
 Let me be soft and supple to thy will,
 Small to my self, to others mild,
 Behither ill.

Although by stealth
 My flesh got on ; yet let her sister
 My Soul bid nothing, but preserve her wealth :
 The growth of flesh is but a blister ;
 Childhood is health.

¶ *Natu*

¶ *Nature.*

Full of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travel, or deny
That thou hast ought to do with me

O tame my heart;
It is thy highest art

To captivate strong holds to thee.

If thou shalt let this venom lurk,
And in suggestions fume and work,
My Soul will turn to bubbles straight,

And thence by kind
Vanish into a wind,

Making thy workmanship deceit.

O smooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave thy rev'rend law and fear,
Or make a new one, since the old

Is sapless grown,
And a much fitter stone

To hide my dust, than thee to hold.

¶ *Sin.*

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round !
Parents first season us ; then School-masters
Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprizes,

Blessings before-hand, ties of gratefulness,
 The sound of Glory ringing in our ears :
 Without, our shame; within, our consciences :
 Angels and Grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
 One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

¶ Affliction.

When first thou didst intice to thee my heart,
 I thought the service brave :
 So many joys I writ down for my part
 Besides what I might have
 Out of my stock of natural delights,
 Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture so fine,
 And made it fine to me ;
 Thy glorious householdstuff did me entwine,
 And 'tice me unto thee.
 Such stars I counted mine : Both Heav'n and Earth,
 Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served
 Where joys my fellows were ?
 Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reserved
 No place for grief or fear ;
 Therefore my sudden soul caught at the Place,
 And made her youth and fierceness seek thy face.

At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesses ;
 I had my wish and way :
 My days were strew'd with flow'rs and happiness :
 There was no Month but May.
 But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
 And made a party unawares for woe.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
 Sickneſs clave my bones,
 Conſuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
 And tune my breath to groans :
 Sorrow was all my ſoul ; I ſcarce believed,
 Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'ſt away my life,
 And more ; for my friends die :
 My mirth and edge was loſt ; a blunted knife
 Was of more uſe than I.
 Thus thin and lean without a fence or friend,
 I was blown through with ev'ry ſtorm and wind.

Whereas my birth and ſpirit rather took
 The way that takes the town,
 Thou didſt betray me to a lingring book,
 And wrap me in a gown.
 I was entangled in the world of ſtrife,
 Before I had the Power to change my life.

Yet, for I threaten'd oft the ſiege to raiſe,
 Not ſimpring all mine age,
 Thou often did'ſt with Academick praiſe
 Melt and diſſolve my rage ;
 I took thy ſweetned pill, till I came near,
 I could not go away, nor perſevere.

Yet, leſt perchance I ſhould too happy be
 In my unhappineſs,
 Turning my purge to food, thou throweſt me
 Into more ſickneſſes.
 Thus doth thy power croſs-bias me, not making
 Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

The CHURCH.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
 None of my books will show :
 I read and sigh, and wish I were a tree,
 For sure then I should grow
 To fruit or shade : At least some bird would trust
 Her household to me, and I should be just.

Yet though thou troublest me, I must be meek ;
 In weakness must be stout.
 Well, I will change the service, and go seek
 Some other master out.
 Ah ! my dear God ! though I am clean forgot,
 Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

¶ *Repentance.*

Lord, I confess my sin is great ;
 Great is my sin. Oh ! gently treat
 With thy quick flow'r, thy momentary bloom ;
 Whose life still pressing
 Is one undressing,
 A steady aiming at a tomb.

Man's age is two hours work or three ;
 Each day doth round about us see.
 Thus are we to delights : But we are all
 To sorrows old,
 If life be told
 From what life feeleth, *Adam's* fall.

O let thy height of mercy then
 Compassionate short-breathed men ;
 Cut me not off for my most foul transgression :
 I do confess
 My foolishness ;
 My God accept of my confession.

Sweeter

The CHURCH.

41

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which thou hast pour'd into my soul;
Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather:

For if thou stay,

I and this day,

As we did rise, we die together.

When thou for sin rebukest man,
Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan:
Bitterness fills our bowels; all our hearts
Pine and decay,
And drop away,
And carry with them the other parts.

But thou wilt sin and grief destroy;
That so the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-set song,
Full of his Praises,
Who dead men raises.
Fractures well cur'd make us more strong.

¶ Faith.

LOrd, how couldst thou so much appease
Thy wrath for sin, as when mans sight was dim,
And could see little, to regard his ease,
And bring by Faith all things to him?

Hungry I was, and had no meat,
I did conceit a most delicious feast;
I had it straight, and did as truly eat,
As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare outlandish root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here:
That apprehension cur'd so well my foot,
That I can walk to Heav'n well near.

I owed thousands, and much more :
 I did believe that I did nothing owe,
 And liv'd accordingly ; my creditor
 Believes so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all
 That I believe is in the sacred story :
 And when sin placeth me in *Adam's* fall,
 Faith sets me higher in his glory.

If I go lower in the book,
 What can be lower than the common manger ?
 Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took
 Our flesh and frailty, death and danger.

If blifs had lien in art or strength,
 None but the wise and strong had gained it :
 Where now by faith all arms are of a length ;
 One size doth all conditions fit.

A Peasant may believe as much
 As a great Clerk, and reach the highest stature.
 Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend and
 While Grace fills up uneven Nature. (crouch,

When creatures had no real light
 Inherent in them, thou didst make the Sun,
 Impute a lustre, and allow them bright :
 And in this shew what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean,
 With bushy groves, pricking the looker's eye,
 Vanish'd away, when faith did change the scene :
 And then appear'd a glorious sky.

What though my body run to dust ?
 Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain,
 With an exact and most particular trust,
 Reserving all for flesh again.

¶ Prayer.

¶ Prayer.

PRay the Churches banquet, Angels age,
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding Heav'n and Earth ;

Engine against th' Almighty, sinners tow'r,
Reversed thunder, Christ side-piercing spear,
The six-days world transposing in an hour,
A kind of Tune, which all things hear and fear ;

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
Exalted Manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, Man well drest,
The milky way, the bird of Paradise ;

(blood,
Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the souls
The land of spices, something understood.

¶ Holy Communion.

NOT in rich furniture, or fine array,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who from me wast sold,
To me dost now thy self convey ;
For so thou shouldst without me still have been.
Leaving within me sin :

But by the way of nourishment and strength,
Thou creep'st into my breast ;
Making thy way my rest,
And thy small quantities my length ;
Which spread their Forces into every part,
Meeting sins force and art.

Yet can these not get over to my Soul,
 Leaping the wall that parts
 Our souls and fleshly hearts;
 But as th' out-works, they may controul
 My rebel-flesh, and carrying thy name,
 Affright both sin and shame.

Only thy Grace, which with these elements comes,
 Knoweth the ready way,
 And hath the privy key,
 Op'ning the soul's most subtil rooms :
 While those to spirits refin'd at door attend
 Dispatches from their friend.

Give me my captive soul, or take
 My body also thither.
 Another lift like this will make
 Them both to be together.

Before that sin turn'd flesh to stone,
 And all our lump to leaven;
 A fervent sigh might well have blown
 Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when *Adam* did not know
 To sin, or sin to smother;
 He might to heav'n from paradise go,
 As from one room t'another.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease
 By this thy heav'nly blood,
 Which I can go to when I please,
 And leave th'earth to their food.

¶ *Antiphon.*

Cho.

Cho.

Cho.

I Mm

And t

While

(Thy

¶ Antiphon.

Cho. **L** Et all the World in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Vers. The Heavens are not too high,
His Praise may thither fly :
The Earth is not too low,
His Praises there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Vers. The Church with Psalms must shout,
No Door can keep them out :
But above all, the Heart
Must bear the longest part.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

¶ Love.

I.

Immortal Love, Author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade ;
How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made,

While mortal Love doth all the title gain !
Which siding with invention, they together
Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain.
(Thy workmanship) and give thee share in neither.
Wi

Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiseth wit ;
 The world is theirs ; they two play out the game,
 Thou standing by : And tho thy glorious name ,
 Wrought our deliverance from the infernal pit,

Who sings thy praise? only a scar for glove (love.
 Doth warm our hands, and make them write of

II.

Immortal heat, O let thy greater flame
 Attract the lesser to it : Let those fires
 Which shall consume the world, first make it tame,
 And kindle in our hearts such true desires,

As may consume our lusts, and make thee way.
 Then shall our hearts pant thee ; then shall our
 All her inventions on thine altar lay, (brain
 And there in Hymns send back thy fire again :

Our eyes shall see thee, which before saw dust :
 Gait blown by wit, till that they both were blind :
 Thou shalt recover all thy goods in kind,
 Who were disseized by usurping lust :

All knees shall bow to thee ; all wits shall rise,
 And praise him who did make and mend our eyes.

¶ *The Temper.*

How should I praise thee, Lord ! how should my
 Gladly engrave thy love in steel, (rhymes
 If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
 My soul might ever feel !

Al-

The CHURCH.

47

Although there were some forty Heav'ns, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all ;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score ;
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent ;
Those distances belong to thee :
The world's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou dost stretch
A crumb of dust from Heav'n to Hell ?
Will great God measure with a wretch ?
Shall he thy stature spell ?

O let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there :
Then of a Sinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way ; for sure thy way is best :
Stretch or contract me thy poor debtor :
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the Musick better.

Whether I fly with Angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy Power and Love, my love and trust
Make one place ev'ry where.

¶ The Temper.

IT cannot be. Where is that mighty joy,
Which just now took up all my heart ?
Lord ! if thou must needs use thy dart,
Save that, and me, or sin, for both destroy.

The

The groſſer world ſtands to thy word and art ;
 But thy Diviner World of Grace
 Thou ſuddenly doſt raiſe and raze,
 And ev'ry day a new Creator art.

O fix thy chair of Grace, that all my powers
 May alſo fix their reverence :
 For when thou doſt depart from hence,
 They grow unruly, and ſit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to thee :
 Though Elements change, and Heaven move,
 Let not thy higher Court remove,
 But keep a ſtanding Maſteſty in me.

¶ *Jordan.*

WHo ſays that fictions only and falſe hair
 Become a verſe ? Is there in truth no beauty ?
 Is all good ſtructure in a winding ſtair ?
 May no lines paſs, except they do their duty
 Not to a true, but painted chair ?

Is it not verſe, except enchanted groves
 And ſudden arbors ſhadow courſe-ſpun lines ?
 Muſt purling ſtreams reſreſh a lovers love ?
 Muſt all be vail'd, while he that reads, divines,
 Catching the ſenſe at two removes ?

Shepherds are honeſt People ; let them ſing :
 Riddle who liſt, for me, and pull for prime :
 I envy no man's nightingale or ſpring ;
 Nor let them puniſh me with loſs of Rhyme,
 Who plainly ſay, *My God, My King.*

¶ *Employ.*

¶ Employment.

IF as a Flower doth spread and die,
Thou would'st extend me to some good,
Before I were by frosts extremity
Nipt in the bud,

The sweetness and the praise were thine ;
But the extension and the room,
Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine
At thy great doom.

For as thou dost impart thy grace,
The greater shall our glory be.
The measure of our joys is in this place,
The stuff with thee.

Let me not languish then, and spend
A life as barren to thy praise,
As is the dust, to which that life doth tend,
But with delays.

All things are busie ; only I
Neither bring Honey with the Bees,
Nor Flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my company is as a weed.
Lord place me in thy consort, give one strain
To my poor reed.

¶ The

¶ The H. Scriptures.

I.

OH Book ! infinite sweetness ! let my heart
Suck ev'ry letter, and a honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part,
To clear the breast, to mollify all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving till it make
A full eternity : Thou art a mass
Of strange delights, where we may wish and take;
Ladies, look here : this is the thankful glass,

That mends the looker's eyes : This is the Well
That washes what it shews : Who can endear
Thy praise too much ? thou art heav'n's Lieger
Working against the states of death and hell. (here,

Thou art joys handsel : Heav'n lies flat in thee,
Subject to every mounter's bended knee.

II.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory !
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the story.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie.

Then, as dispersed herbs do watch a potion,
These three make up some Christian's destinie.

Such

The CHURCH.

51

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee: For in ev'ry thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.

Stars are poor books, and often-times do miss :
This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

¶ *Whitsunday.*

L Isten, sweet Dove, unto my song,
And spread thy golden Wings on me ;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing, and fly away with thee.

Where is that fire which once descended
On thy Apostles? thou didst then
Keep open house, richly attended,
Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men ;

Such glorious gifts thou didst bestow,
That th' earth did like a heav'n appear :
The Stars were coming down to know,
If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The Sun, which once did shine alone,
Hung down his head, and wish'd for night,
When he beheld twelve Suns for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought
That cordial water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault (wound ;
Of those, who did themselves through their side

Thou

Thou shutt'st the door, and keep'st within ;
 Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink :
 And if the braves of conquering sin
 Did not excite thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the same ;
 The same sweet God of love and light ;
 Restore this day, for thy great Name,
 Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

¶ *Grace.*

MY stock lies dead, and no encrease
 Doth my dull husbandry improve :
 O let thy graces without cease
 Drop from above.

If still the sun should hide his face,
 Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
 Thy works night's captives : O let grace
 Drop from above.

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall ;
 And shall the dew outstrip thy Dove ?
 The dew, for which grass cannot call,
 Drop from above !

Death is still working like a mole,
 And digs my grave at each remove ;
 Let grace work too, and on my soul
 Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart,
 Unto a hardness void of love :
 Let supp'ling Grace to cross his art
 Drop from above.

O come! for thou dost know the way :
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
Drop from above.

¶ *Praise.*

TO write a verse or two is all the Praise,
That I can raise :
Mend my estate in any ways,
Thou shalt have more.
I go to Church ; help me to wings, and I
Will thither fly ;
Or if I mount unto the sky,
I will do more.
Man is all weakness, there is no such thing
As Prince or King :
His arm is short, yet with a sling
He may do more.
An herb distill'd, and drunk, may dwell next door,
On the same floor,
To a brave soul: Exalt the poor,
They can do more.
O raise me then! Poor bees that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work as well as they,
And much, much more.

¶ *Affliction.*

Kill me not ev'ry day,
Thou Lord of Life ; since thy own death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each hour of *Methusalem's* stay.

If

If all mens tears were let
 Into one common sewer, sea, and brine;
 What were they all, compar'd to thine?
 Wherein if they were set,
 They would discolour thy most bloody sweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
 Thou Lord conceal it not: And as thou art
 All my delight, so all my smart:
 Thy cross took up in one,
 By way of imprest, all my future moan.

¶ *Mattens.*

I Cannot ope mine eyes,
 But thou art ready there to catch
 My morning-soul and sacrifice:
 Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a Heart?
 Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
 Or star, or rainbow, or a part
 Of all these things, or all of them in one:

My God, what is a heart,
 That thou shouldst it so eye and woo,
 Pouring upon it all thy art,
 As if that thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed man's whole estate
 Amounts (and richly) to serve thee:
 He did not Heav'n and Earth create,
 Yet studies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy Love to know;
 That this new light, which now I see,
 May both the work and workman show:
 Then by a Sun-beam I will climb to thee.

¶ *Sim.*

¶ Sin.

O H that I could a sin once see !
 We paint the Devil foul, yet he
 Hath some good in him, all agree.
 Sin is flat opposite to th' Almighty, seeing
 It wants the good of *Virtue* and of *Being*.

But God more care of us hath had,
 If Apparitions make us sad,
 By sight of sin we should grow mad,
 Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live ;
 So devils are our Sins in prospective.

¶ Even-Song.

BLeft be the God of Love,
 Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
 Both to be busy, and to play.
 But much more blest be God above,

Who gave me sight alone,
 Which to himself he did deny :
 For when he sees my ways, I die :
 But I have got his Son, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
 For this thy love ? have I discharg'd the debt,
 Which this day's favour did beget ?
 I ran ; but all I brought was fome.

Thy diet, care, and cost,
 Do end in bubbles, balls of wind ;
 Of wind to thee whom I have crost,
 But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet

Yet still thou goest on,
And now with darkness closest weary eyes,
Saying to man, *It doth suffice,*
Henceforth repose; your work is done.

Thus in thy Ebony-box
Thou dost enclose us till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our disorder'd clocks.

I muse which shews more love,
The day or night; that is the gale, this th' harbour;
That is the walk, and this the arbour;
Or that the Garden, this the Grove.

My God, thou art all Love.
Not one poor minute escapes thy breast,
But brings a favour from above;
And in this love, more than in bed, I rest.

¶ Church-Monuments.

WHILE that my Soul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intomb my flesh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of dust;
To which the blast of death's incessant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust

My Body to the School, that it may learn
To spell his elements, and find his birth
Written in dusty herauldry and lines.
Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
These laugh at Jeat, and Marble put for signs,

To

To sever the good fellowship of dust,
And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them,
When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
To kiss those heaps, which now they have in trust?
Dear flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stem
And true descent: That when thou shalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know,
That flesh is but the glass which holds the dust
That measures all our time; which also shall
Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below,
How tame these Ashes are, how free from lust,
That thou mayst fit thy self against thy fall.

¶ Church-Musick.

Sweetest of sweets, I thank you; when displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure
A dainty lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
Rising and falling with your wings:
We both together sweetly live and love,
Yet say sometimes, *God help poor Kings.*

Comfort, I'll die; for if you part from me,
Sure I shall do so, and much more:
But if I travel in your companie,
You know the way to Heavens door.

¶ Church, Lock and Key.

I Know it is my sin, which locks thine ears
And binds thy hands!
Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears;
Or else the chilness of my faint demands,

But

To

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it still ;

So I do lay the want of my desire,
Not on my sins, or coldness, but thy Will.

Yet here, O God, only for his Bloods sake,
Which pleads for me :

For though sins, plead too, yet like stones they make
His Blood's sweet current much more loud to be.

¶ The Church-floor.

Mark you the floor? that square & speckled stone,
Which looks so firm and strong,
Is *Patience*.

And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is check'ed all along,
Is *Humility* ;

The gentle rising, which on either hand
Leads to the Quire above,
Is *Confidence* ;

But the sweet Cement, which in one sure band
Ties the whole frame, is *Love*
And *Charity*.

Hither sometimes sin steals, and stains
The Marble's neat and curious veins :
But all is cleansed when the Marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the door,
Blows all the dust about the floor :
But while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.
Blest be the *Architect*, whose art
Could build so strong in a weak heart.

The

¶ *The Windows.*

Lord, how can Man preach thy eternal Word,
He is a brittle crazy glass:
Yet in thy Temple thou dost him afford
This glorious and transcendent Place,
To be a Window, through thy Grace.

But when thou dost anneal in Glass thy Story,
Making thy Life to shine within
The Holy Preachers; then the Light and Glory
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win,
Which else shews watrish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and Life, Colours and Light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong Regard and Awe: But speech alone
Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
And in the Ear, not Conscience, ring.

¶ *Trinity-Sunday.*

Lord, who hast form'd me out of Mud,
And hast redeem'd me through thy Blood,
And sanctify'd me to do good;

Purge all my Sins done heretofore;
For I confess my heavy score:
And I will strive to sin no more.

Enrich my Heart, Mouth, Hands in me,
With Faith, with Hope, with Charity;
That I may run, rise, rest with thee.

D

¶ Con-

¶ Content.

PEace mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to
 Within the walls of your own breast. (keep
 Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
 Can on another's hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry quest and call
 Of an untrained hope or passion.
 To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
 Is wantonness in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie ;
 Content and warm t'it self alone :
 But when it would appear to others eye,
 Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure
 Complies and suits with all estates ;
 Which can let loose to a Crown, and yet with plea.
 Take up within a cloisters gates. (sure

This soul doth span the world, and hang content
 From either pole unto the centre :
 Where in each room of the well furnish'd tent
 He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine days wonder :
 And after death the fumes that spring
 From private bodies, make as big a thunder,
 As those which rise from a huge King.

Only thy Chronicle is lost : And yet
 Better by worms be all once spent,
 Than to have hellish Moths still gnaw and fret
 Thy name in books, which may not rent.

When

When a
 Ar
 And as
 Th
 Then ce
 Do
 He that
 Ha

MY
 No hawk
 Nor a ge
 It cannot
 It never
 Nor can i
 With a g
 It is no C
 Nor the l
 But it is
 I am wit

I Saw th
 In sev'
 Where al
 Presented
 Humility,
 When by

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
Are chaw'd by others pens and tongues,
And as their wit is their digestion,
Thy nourish'd fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discoursing, soul, till thine own ground,
Do not thy self or friends importune :
He that by seeking hath himself once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

¶ *The Quiddity.*

MY God, a Verse is not a Crown ;
No point of honour, or gay suit,
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute :

It cannot vault, or dance, or play ;
It never was in *France* or *Spain* ;
Nor can it entertain the day
With a great stable or demain.

It is no Office, Art, or news,
Nor the Exchange, or busy Hall :
But it is that, which while I use,
I am with thee, and *Most take All*.

¶ *Humility.*

I Saw the Virtues sitting hand in hand
In sev'ral Ranks upon an azure Throne,
Where all the Beasts and Fowls by their command
Presented tokens of submission.

Humility, who sat the lowest there
To execute their call,
When by the Beasts the presents tendred were,
Gave them about to all.

The angry Lyon did present his Paw,
 Which by consent was given to Mansuetude.
 The fearful Hare her Ears, which by their Law
 Humility did reach to Fortitude.
 The jealous *Turk*, brought his Coral-Chain;
 That went to Temperance.
 On Justice was bestow'd the Fox's brain,
 Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow bringing the Peacock's Plume,
 (For he would not) as they beheld the grace
 Of that brave Gift, each one began to fume,
 And challenge it as proper to his place,
 Till they fell out: Which when the Beasts espy'd,
 They leapt upon the Throne;
 And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their side,
 They had depos'd each one.

Humility, who held the Plume, at this
 Did weep so fast, that the Tears trickling down
 Spoil'd all the Train: Then saying, *Here it is*
For which ye wrangle, made them turn their Frowns
 Against the Beasts: So jointly bandying,
 They drive them soon away;
 And then amerc'd them double Gifts to bring
 At the next Session-day.

¶ *Frailty.*

Lord, in my Silence how do I despise
 What upon trust
 Is stiled, *Honour, Riches, or fair Eyes*;
 But is *fair Dust*!
 I surname them *gilded Clay*,
Dear Earth, fine Grass, or Hay;
 In all, I think my Foot doth ever tread
 Upon their Head.

The CHURCH.

63

But when I view abroad both Regiments,
The World's, and thine,
Thine clad with Simpleness, and sad Events;
The other fine,
Full of Glory and gay Weeds,
Brave Language, braver Deeds :
That which was Dust before, doth quickly rise,
And prick mine Eyes.

O brook not this, lest if what even now
My Foot did tread,
Affront those Joys wherewith thou didst endow
And long since wed
My poor Soul, ev'n sick of Love ;
It may a *Babel* prove,
Commodious to conquer Heav'n and thee :
Planted in me.

¶ Constancy.

W Ho is the honest Man ?
He that doth still and strongly Good pursue,
To God, his Neighbour and himself most true :
Whom neither Force nor Fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose Honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling Wind
Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blind :
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the World now rides by, now lags behind.

D 3

Who,

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shuns them ; but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing, and the example weigh :

All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
To use in any thing a trick or slight ;
For above all things he abhors deceit :

His words and works, and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and streight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations: When the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run :

The Sun to others writeth laws,
And is their vertue ; Virtue is his Sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, Women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way :

Whom others faults do not defeat ;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend the ill.

This is the Mark-man, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

¶ Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, O God!
By that I knew that thou wast in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my Relief,

Making a scepter of the rod:
Hadst thou not had thy part,
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

But

The CHURCH.

65

But since thy breath gave me both life and shape,
Thou know'st my tallies ; and when there's assign'd
So much breath to a sigh, what's then behind ?

Or if some years with it escape,
The sigh then only is
A gale to bring me sooner to my blifs.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still
Constant unto it, making it to be
A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
And in thy members suffer ill.
They who lament one cross,
Thou dying daily, praise thee to thy loss.

¶ The Star.

B Right spark, shot from a brighter place,
Where beams surround my Saviour's face,
Canst thou be any where
So well as there ?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart ;
For thou canst make a Debter,
And make it better.

First with thy Fire-work burn to Dust
Folly, and worse than Folly, Lust :
Then with thy Light refine,
And make it shine.

So disengag'd from Sin and Sicknes,
Touch it with thy Celestial Quickness,
That it may hang and move
After thy Love.

Then with our Trinity of Light,
Motion, and Heat, let's take our Flight
Unto the Place where thou
Before didst bow.

Get me a Standing there, and Place
Among the Beams, which crown the Face
OF him who dy'd, to part
Sin and my Heart.

That so among the rest I may
Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:
That winding is their fashion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy by gaining me
To fly home like a laden Bee
Unto that Hive of Beams
And Garland-streams.

¶ *Sunday.*

O Day' most calm, most bright,
The Fruit of this, the next World's Bud,
Th' indorment of supreme Delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with his Blood;
The Couch of time, Cares balm and bay;
The Week were dark, but for thy Light:
Thy Torch doth shew the way.

The

Make
Knoc
The
The
Makin

To en
And t
Whor
We co
Since

On w
The o
And h
They
In Go

Thred
Make
Of the
On Sun
Blessin

The other Days and thou
Make up one Man ; whose Face thou art,
Knocking at Heav'n with thy Brow :
The worky.days are the back-part ;
The Burden of the Week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless Death : But thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still ;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the Pillars are,
On which Heav'ns Palace arched lies :
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with Vanities.
They are the fruitful Beds and Borders
In God's rich Garden : That is bare,
Which parts their Ranks and Orders ;

The Sundays of Man's Life,
Thredded together on Time's String,
Make Bracelets to adorn the Wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday Heaven's Gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife
More plentiful than hope.

The CHURCH.

This day my Saviour rose,
 And did enclose this Light for his:
 That, as each Beast his Manger knows,
 Man might not of his Fodder miss.
 Christ hath took in this Piece of Ground,
 And made a Garden there for those
 Who want Herbs for their wound.

The rest of our Creation
 Our great Redeemer did remove
 With the same Shake, which at his Passion
 Did th' Earth and all Things with it move.
 As *Sampson* bore the Doors away,
 Christ's Hands, tho' nail'd, wrought our Salvation,
 And did unhinge that Day.

The brightness of that Day
 We sullied by our foul Offence:
 Wherefore that Robe we cast away,
 Having a new at his Expence,
 Whose drops of Blood paid the full price,
 That was requir'd to make us gay,
 And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of Mirth:
 And where the week-days trail on Ground,
 Thy Flight is higher as thy Birth:
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from sev'n to sev'n,
 Till that we both, being toss'd from Earth,
 Fly hand in hand to Heaven!

¶ *Avarice.*

¶ *Avarice.*

Money, thou bane of Bliss, and fource of Woe,
 Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and
 I know thy Parentage is base and low: (fine?)
 Man found thee poor and dirty in a Mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute
 To this great Kingdom, which thou now hast got,
 That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
 To dig thee out of thy dark Cave and Grot.

Then forcing thee, by Fire he made thee bright:
 Nay, thou hast got the Face of Man; for we
 Have with our Stamp and Seal transfer'd our right,
 Thou art the Man, and Man but dross to thee.
 Man calleth thee his Wealth, who made thee rich;
 And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

Ana. { M A R Y }
 { A R M Y } *gram.*

How well her Name an *Army* doth present,
 In whom the *Lord of Hosts* did pitch his Tent.

¶ *To all Angels and Saints.*

OH glorious Spirits, who after all your Bands,
 See the smooth Face of God, without a Frown,
 Or strict Commands;
 Where ev'ry one is King, and hath his Crown,
 If not upon his Head, yet in his Hands:

Not

Not out of Envy or Maliciouſneſs
Do I forbear to crave your ſpecial Aid.

I would addreſs
My Vows to thee moſt gladly, bleſſed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my diſtreſs :

Thou art the holy Mine, whence came the Gold,
The great Reſtorative for all Decay

In young and old ;
Thou art the Cabinet where the Jewel lay :
Chiefly to thee would I my Soul unfold.

But now (alas!) I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all jointly adore and praife,
Bids no ſuch thing :
And where his Pleaſure no Injunction lays,
('Tis your own caſe) ye never move a Wing.

All Worſhip is Prerogative, and a Flower,
Of his rich Crown, from whom lies no Appeal

At the laſt Hour :
Therefore we dare not from his Garland ſteal,
To make a Poſy for inferiour Power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
What's done on Earth, we ſhall not fare the worſe,
Who do not ſo ;
Since we are ever ready to diſburſe,
If any one our Maſter's Hand can ſhow.

¶ Employment.

HE that is weary, let him ſit ;
My Soul would ſit
And trade in Courteſies and Wit,
Quitting the Fur,
The cold Complexions needing it.

Man

Man is n
Who blo
Lets his
When th
Ordain'd
And by
Life is a
The Sun
Watch
Oh tha
Then ſh
Some F
But we
Before
Until t

W
Then v

The CHURCH.

71

Man is no Star, but a quick Coal
Of mortal Fire :
Who blows it not, nor doth controll
A faint Desire,
Lets his own Ashes choke his Soul.

When th'Elements did for place contest
With him whose Will
Ordain'd the highest to be best.
The Earth sat still,
And by the others is oppress.

Life is a business, not good cheer ;
Ever in Wars.
The Sun still shineth there or here,
Whereas the Stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

Oh that I were an Orange-tree,
That busie Plant !
Then should I ever-laden be,
And never want
Some Fruit for him that dresseth me.

But we are still too young or old ;
The Man is gone,
Before we do our Wares unfold :
So we freeze on,
Until the Grave encrease our Cold.

¶ Denial.

WHen my Devotions could not pierce
Thy silent Ears ;
Then was my Heart broken, as was my Verse ;
My Breast was full of Fears
And Disorder.

My

The CHURCH.

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
 Did fly afunder ;
 Each took his way : some would to pleasure go,
 Some to the wars and thunder
 Of alarms.

As good go any where, say they,
 As to benum
 Both knees and heart, in crying, night and day,
Come, Come, my God ; O come !
 But no hearing.

O thou that should'st give dust a tongue
 To cry to thee,
 And then not hear it crying ! all day long
 My heart was in my knee,
 But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
 Untun'd, unstrung :
 My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
 Like a nipt blossom, hung
 Discontented.

O chear and tune my heartless breast,
 Defer no time ;
 That so thy favours granting my request,
 They and my mind may chime,
 And mend my rhyme.

¶ *Christmas.*

ALL after-pleasures, as I rid one day,
 My Horse and I, both tir'd, body and mind,
 With full cry of affections quite astray,
 I took up in the next Inn I could find.

There

There
 My
 Of p
 To be a

O thou
 Wrap
 Since
 To Mar

Furni
 A be

THe
 My Sou

The past

Shepher

Then we

We sing

I will go

A willing

Then we

His beam
 Till ev'n

There when I came, whom found I but my dear,
My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleasures brought me to him, ready there
To be all passengers most sweet relief?

O thou whose glorious, yet contracted light,
Wrapt in nights mantle, stole into a Manger,
Since my dark Soul and brutish is thy right,
To Man of all beasts be not thou a stranger.

Furnish and deck my Soul, that thou mayst have
A better lodging, than a rack, or grave.

THE Shepherds sing, and shall I silent be?
My God, no Hymn for thee?
My Soul's a Shepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The pasture is thy word; the streams thy grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and Flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the day-light hours.
Then we will chide the Sun, for letting night
Take up his place and right:
We sing one common Lord; wherefore he should
Himself the candle hold.
I will go searching, till I find a Sun
Shall stay till we have done;
A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,
As frost-nipt Suns look sadly.
Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
And one another pay:
His beams shall chear my breast, and both so twine,
Till ev'n his beams sing, and my musick shine.

¶ Ungrate-

¶ *Ungratefulness.*

Lord, with what Bounty, and rare Clemency
 Hast thou redeem'd us from the Grave !
 If thou had'st let us run,
 Gladly had Man ador'd the Sun,
 And thought his God most brave ;
 Where now we shall be better Gods than he.

Thou hast but two rare Cabinets full of Treasure,
 The *Trinity*, and *Incarnation* ;
 Thou hast unlock'd them both,
 And made them Jewels to betroth
 The work of thy Creation
 Unto thy self in everlasting Pleasure:

The statelier Cabinet is the *Trinity*,
 Whose sparkling Light access denies :
 Therefore thou dost not show
 This fully to us, till Death blow
 The Dust into our Eyes :
 For by that Powder thou wilt make us see.

But all thy Sweets are pack'd up in the other ;
 Thy Mercies thither flock and flow ;
 That, as the first affrights,
 This may allure us with Delights ;
 Because this box we know ;
 For we have all of us just such another.

But Man is close, reserv'd, and dark to thee ;
 When thou demandest but a heart,
 He cavils instantly.
 In his poor Cabinet of bone
 Sins have their Box a-part,
 Defrauding thee, who gavest two for one.

¶ *Sighs*

After
 But on
 And n
 The n

For wh
 I have
 Suck'd
 Till it

I have
 Should
 Hath st
 But I a

With th
 For the
 A part v
 Ev'n un

For tho
 Thou a
 Cordial a
 Into the

¶ *Sighs and Groans.*

O Do not use me
After my Sins ! look not on my desert,
But on thy glory ! then thou wilt reform,
And not refuse me : For thou only art
The mighty God, but I a silly Worm :
O do not bruise me !

O do not urge me !
For what account can thy ill Steward make ?
I have abus'd thy Stock, destroy'd thy Woods,
Suck'd all thy Magazines : My Head did ake,
Till it found out how to consume thy Goods :
O do not scourge me !

O do not blind me !
I have deserv'd that an *Egyptian* Night
Should thicken all my Powers ; because my Lust
Hath still sew'd Fig-leaves to exclude thy Light ;
But I am Frailty, and already Dust ;
O do not grind me !

O do not fill me
With the turn'd Vial of thy bitter Wrath !
For thou hast other Vessels full of Blood,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Ev'n unto Death : Since he dy'd for my good ;
O do not kill me !

But O reprieve me !
For thou hast *Life* and *Death* at thy command ;
Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour*, *Feast* and *Rod*,
Cordial and *Corrosive* : Put not thy Hand
Into the bitter box ; but O my God,
My God, relieve me.

¶ *The*

¶ The World.

Love built a stately house; where *Fortune* came:
 And spinning fancies, she was heard to say,
 That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
 Whereas they were supported by the same:
 But *Wisdom* quickly swept them all away.

Then *Pleasure* came, who, liking not the fashion,
 Began to make *Balconies*, *Tarraces*,
 Till she had weakned all by alteration:
 But rev'rend *Laws*, and many a *Proclamation*
 Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd *Sin*, and with that *Sycamore*, (dew,
 Whose leaves first sheltred man from drought and
 Working and winding sily evermore,
 The inward Walls and Sommers cleft and tore:
 But *Grace* shor'd these, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sin* combin'd with *Death* in a firm band,
 To rase the building to the very floor:
 Which they effected, none could them withstand;
 But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glory* by the hand,
 And built a braver Palace than before.

Colos.

Our

M

The
 The
 One
 The
 Taug
 Shou
 Quit
 To g

And th
 He vie

To ma

Both t

Cuts th
 His de

That

Her o

Colos. 3. 3.

Our Life is hid with Christ in God.

(notion,
MY words and thoughts do both exprefs this
 That *LIFE* hath with the Sun a double motion.
 The first *IS* freight, and our diurnal friend ;
 The other *HID*, and doth obliquely bend :
 One life is wrapt *IN* flesh, and tends to earth :
 The other winds towards *HIM*, whose happy birth
 Taught me to live here so, *THAT* still one eye
 Should aim and shoot at that which *IS* on high ;
 Quitting with daily Labour all *MY* pleasure,
 To gain at Harveit an eternal *TREASURE*.

¶ *Vanity.*

THe fleet Astronomer can bore,
 And thred the spheres with his quick-piercing mind :
 He views their stations, walks from door to door,
 Surveys, as if he had design'd
 To make a purchase there : He sees their Dances,
 And knoweth long before
 Both their full-ey'd Aspects, and secret Glances.

The nimble diver with his side
 Cuts through the working Waves, that he may fetch
 His dearly-earned Pearl, which God did hide
 On purpose from the ventrous Wretch ;
 That he might save his Life, and also hers,
 Who with excessive Pride
 Her own Destruction and his Danger wears.

The

The subtil Chymick can divest
 And strip the Creature naked, till he find
 The callow Principles within their Nest:
 There he imparts to them his Mind,
 Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
 They appear trim and drest
 To ordinary Suitors at the door.

What hath not Man sought out and found,
 But his dear God? who yet his glorious Law
 Embosoms in us, mellowing the ground
 With Showers and Frost, with love and awe;
 So that we need not say, Where's this command?
 Poor Man! thou searchest round
 To find out *Death*, but missest *Life* at hand.

¶ *Lent.*

WElcom dear Feast of *Lent*; who loves not thee,
 He loves not Temperance, or Authority,
 But is compos'd of Passion.
 The Scriptures bid us *fast*; the Church says, *Now*,
 Give to thy Mother what thou wouldst allow
 To every corporation.

The humble Soul compos'd of Love and Fear,
 Begins at home, and lays the Burden there,
 When Doctrines disagree.
 He says, in things which use hath justly got,
 I am a scandal to the Church, and not
 The Church is so to me.

True

True Christians should be glad of an occasion,
To use their temperance, seeking no Evasion,
When God is seasonable ;
Unless Authority, which should encrease
The obligation in us, make it less,
And Power it self disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet Abstinence,
Quick Thoughts and Motions at a small Expence,
A Face not fearing Lights :
Whereas in Fulness there are fluttish Fumes,
Sour Exhalations, and dishonest Rheums,
Revenging the Delight.

Then those same pendent Profits, which the Spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And Goodness of the Deed.
Neither ought other Mens abuse of *Lent*
Spoil the good use ; left by that Argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

It's true, we cannot reach Christ's fourtieth Day ;
Yet to go part of that religious Way,
Is better than to rest ;
We cannot reach our Saviour's Purity ;
Yet are we bid, *Be holy even as he.*
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with him, than one
That travelles By-ways.
Perhaps my God, though he be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more
May strengthen my Decays.

Yet

Yet Lord instruct us to improve our Fast
 By starving Sin, and taking such repast,
 As may our Faults controul;
 That every Man may revel at his door,
 Not in his Parlour; banqueting the Poor,
 And among those his Soul.

¶ *Virtue:*

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The Bridal of the Earth and Sky,
 The Dew shall weep thy Fall to night;
 For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue angry and brave
 Bids the rash Gazer wipe his Eye,
 Thy Root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet Days and Roses,
 A Box where Sweets compacted lie,
 My Musick shews ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous Soul,
 Like season'd Timber, never gives;
 But though the whole World turn to a Coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

¶ *The*

¶ The Pearl. Matth. 13.

I Know the ways of Learning ; both the Head
 And Pipes that feed the Press, and make it run ;
 What Reason hath from Nature borrowed,
 Or of it self, like a good Housewife, spun
 In Laws and Policy ; what the stars conspire ;
 What willing Nature speaks, what forc'd by fire ;
 Both th' old Discoveries, and the new found Seas ;
 The Stock and Surplus, Cause and History :
 All these stand open, or I have the Keys :
 Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Honour, what maintains
 The quick Returns of Courtesie and Wit :
 In vies of Favours whether Party gains,
 When Glory swells the Heart, and moldeth it
 To all expressions both of Hand and Eye,
 Which on the World a true Love-knot may tye,
 And bear the Bundle, wheresoe'er it goes :
 How many Drams of Spirits there must be
 To sell my Life unto my Friends or Foes ;
 Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Pleasure, the sweet Strains,
 The Lullings and the Relishes of it ;
 The Propositions of hot Blood and Brains ;
 What Mirth and Musick mean ; what Love and Wit
 Have done these twenty hundred Years, and more :
 I know the Projects of unbridled Store :
 My Stuff is Flesh, not Brass ; my Senses live,
 And grumble oft, that they have more in me
 Than he that curbs them, being but one to five :
 Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand :
 Therefore not sealed, but with open Eyes
 I fly to thee, and fully understand
 Both the main Sale, and the Commodities ;
 And at what Rate and Price I have thy Love ;
 With all the Circumstances that may move :
 Yet through the Labyrinths, not my groveling Wit,
 But thy Silk-twist let down from Heav'n to me,
 Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
 To climb to thee.

¶ *Affliction.*

Broken in pieces all asunder,
 Lord hunt me not
 A thing forgot,
 Once a poor Creature, now a wonder ;
 A wonder tortur'd in the space
 Betwixt this World, and that of Grace.

My Thoughts are all a case of Knives,
 Wounding my Heart
 With scatter'd smart :
 As Wat'ring-pots give Flowers their Lives.
 Nothing their Fury can control,
 While they do wound and prick my Soul.

All my Attendants are at strife,
 Quitting their Place
 Unto my Face :
 Nothing performs the Task of Life :
 The Elements are let loose to fight,
 And while I live, try out their right.

Oh

The CHURCH.

83

Oh help, my God ! let not their Plot
Kill them and me,
And also thee,

Who art my Life : Dissolve the Knot,
As the Sun scatters by his Light
All the Rebellions of the Night.

Then shall these Powers, which work for Grief,
Enter thy Pay,
And Day by Day
Labour thy Praise and my Relief ;
With Care and Courage building me
'Till I reach Heav'n, and much more thee.

¶ Man.

MY God, I heard this Day,
That none doth build a stately Habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What House more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man ? to whose Creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,
And more : He is a Tree, yet bears no Fruit ;
A Beast, yet is, or should be more.
Reason and Speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of Proportions, one Limb to another,
And all to all the World besides :
Each part may call the farthest Brother :
For Head with Foot hath private Amity,
And both with Moons and Tides.

E

Nothing

Nothing hath got so far,
 But Man hath caught and kept it, as his Prey.
 His Eyes dismount the highest Star :
 He is in little all the Sphere :
 Herbs gladly cure our Flesh, because that they
 Find their Acquaintance there.

For us the Winds do blow ; (flow.
 The Earth doth rest, Heav'n move, and Fountains
 Nothing we see, but means our good,
 As our *Delight*, or as our *Treasure* ;
 The whole is either our Cupboard of *Food*,
 Or Cabinet of *Pleasure*.

The Stars have us to Bed ;
 Night draws the Curtain, which the Sun withdraws :
 Musick and Light attend our Head.
 All things unto our *Flesh* are kind
 In their *Descent* and *Being* ; to our *Mind*
 In their *Assent* and *Cause*.

Each thing is full of Duty :
 Waters united are our Navigation ;
 Distinguished, our Habitation ;
 Below, our Drink ; above, our Meat :
 Both are our Cleanliness. Hath one such Beauty ?
 Then how are all things neat !

More Servants wait on Man,
 Than he'll take notice of : In every Path
 He treads down that which doth befriend him,
 When Sickness makes him pale and wan.
 Oh mighty Love ! Man is one World, and hath
 Another to attend him.

Since

The CHURCH.

85

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a Palace built ; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last !
Till then afford us so much Wit,
That as the World serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy Servants be.

¶ Antiphon.

Chor. Praised be the God of Love,
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above :

Chor. Who hath dealt his Mercies so,
Ang. To his Friend,
Men. And to his Foe :

Chor. That both Grace and Glory tend
Ang. Us of old,
Men. And us in th' end.

Chor. The great Shepherd of the Fold.
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was fold,

Chor. He our Foes in pieces brake :
Ang. Him we touch ;
Men. And him we take.

Chor. Wherefore since that he is such,
Ang. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.

Chor. Lord, thy Praises shall be more.
Men. We have none,
Ang. And we no store,

Chor. Praised be the God alone,
Who hath made of two Folds one.

¶ Unkindness.

Lord, make me tender to offend :
In Friendship, first I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,

Unto my Friends intent and end.
I would not use a Friend, as I use thee.

If any touch my Friend, or his good Name,
It is my Honour and my Love to free
His blasted Fame
From the least Spot or Thought of Blame.
I could not use a Friend, as I use thee.

My Friend may spit upon my curious Floor :
Would he have Gold ? I lend it instantly ;
But let the Poor,
And thou within them starve at Door.
I cannot use a Friend, as I use thee.

When that my Friend pretendeth to a Place,
I quit my Interest, and leave it free ;
But when thy Grace
Sues for my Heart, I thee displace ;
Nor would I use a Friend, as I use thee.

Yet can a Friend what thou hast done fulfil ?
O write in Brass, *My God upon a Tree*
His Blood did spill,
Only to purchase my good Will ;
Yet use I not my Foes as I use Thee.

¶ Life

¶ Life.

I Made a Posy, while the Day ran by :
 Here will I smell my Remnant out, and tye
 My Life within this Band.
 But Time did beckon to the Flowers, and they
 By Noon most cunningly did steal away,
 And wither'd in my Hand.

My Hand was next to them, and then my Heart ;
 I took, without more thinking, in good part
 Time's gentle Admonition ;
 Who did so sweetly Death's sad taste convey,
 Making my Mind to smell my fatal Day,
 Yet sug'ring the Suspicion.

Farewel dear Flowers ; sweetly your Time ye spent,
 Fit, while ye liv'd, for Smell or Ornament.
 And after Death for Cures.
 I follow freight without Complaints or Grief,
 Since, if my Scent be good, I care not if
 It be as short as yours.

¶ Submission.

BUT that thou art my Wisdom, Lord,
 And both mine Eyes are thine,
 My Mind would be extreamly stirr'd
 For missing my Design.

Were it not better to bestow
 Some Place and Power on me ?
 Then should thy Praises with me grow,
 And share in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
 I do resume my Sight ;
 And pilf'ring what I once did give,
 Disseise thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou should'st me raise,
 That I should then raise thee ?
 Perhaps great Places, and thy Praise
 Do not so well agree.
 Wherefore unto my Gift I stand ;
 I will no more advise :
 Only do thou lend me a hand,
 Since thou hast both mine Eyes.

¶ Justice.

I Cannot skill of these thy Ways.
Lord, thou did'st make me, yet thou woundest me ;
Lord, thou dost wound me, yet thou dost relieve me ;
Lord, thou relievest, yet I die by thee ;
Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprieve me.

But when I mark my Life and Praise,
 Thy Justice me most fitly pays ;
For I do praise thee, yet I praise thee not ;
My Prayers mean thee, yet my Prayers stray.
I would do well, yet Sin the Hand hath got ;
My Soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
 I cannot skill of these my Ways.

¶ Charms and Knots.

Who read a Chapter when they rise,
 Shall ne're be troubled with ill Eyes.

A poor Man's Rod, when thou dost ride,
Is both a Weapon and a Guide.

Who shuts his Hand, hath lost his Gold :
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to Bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two Nights to ev'ry Day.

Who by Aspersions throw a Stone
At th' Head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on Ground with humble Eyes,
Finds himself there, and seeks to rise.

When th' Hair is sweet through Pride or Lust,
The Powder doth forget the Dust.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten still, if Sermons go for Gains.

In shallow Waters Heav'n doth show :
But who drinks on, to Hell may go.

¶ Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,
That planted Paradise was not so firm,
As was and is thy floating Ark, whose Stay
And Anchor thou art only, to confirm
And strengthen it in ev'ry Age,
When Waves do rise, and Tempest rage.

At first we liv'd in Pleasure ;
Thine own Delights thou did'st to us impart :
When we grew wanton, thou did'st use Displeasure
To make us thine ; yet that we might not part,
As we at first did board with thee,
Now thou would'st taste our Misery.

The CHURCH.

There is but Joy and Grief;
 If either will convert us, we are thine :
 Some Angels us'd the first ; if our Relief
 Take up the second, then the double Line
 And several Baits in either kind
 Furnish thy Table to thy Mind.

Affliction then is ours ;
 We are the Trees, whom shaking fastens more,
 While blustering Winds destroy the wanton Bowers,
 And ruffle all their curious Knots and Store.
 My God, so temper Joy and Woe,
 That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

¶ Mortification.

How soon doth Man decay !
 When Clothes are taken from a Chest of Sweets
 To swaddle Infants, whose young Breath
 Scarce knows the way :
 Those Clouts are little winding-sheets,
 Which do consign and send them unto Death.

When Boys go first to bed,
 They step into their voluntary Graves ;
 Sleep binds them fast ; only their breath
 Makes them not dead :
 Successive Nights, like rolling Waves,
 Convey them quickly, who are bound for Death.

When Youth is frank and free,
 And calls for Musick, while his Veins do swell,
 All day exchanging Mirth and Breath
 In Company ;
 That Musick summons to the knell,
 Which shall befrend him at the House of Death.
When

When Man grows staid and wise,
 Getting a House and Home, where he may move.
 Within the Circle of his Breath,
 Schooling his Eyes;
 That dumb Inclosure maketh Love
 Unto the Coffin, that attends his Death.

When Age grows low and weak,
 Marking his Grave, and thawing ev'ry Year,
 Till all do melt, and drown his Breath.
 When he would speak;
 A Chair or Litter shews the Bier,
 Which shall convey him to the House of Death.

Man, e're he is aware,
 Hath put together a solemnity,
 And drest his Herse, while he hath breath
 As yet to spare.
 Yet Lord, instruct us so to die,
 That all these Dyings may be Life in Death.

¶ Decay.

Sweet were the Days when thou didst lodge with
 Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon, (Lot,
 Advise with Abraham, when thy Power could not
 Encounter Moses strong Complaints and Mone :
 Thy words were then, *Let me alone.*

One might have fought, and found thee presently
 At some fair Oak, or Bush, or Cave, or Well :
 Is my God this way? No, they would reply :
 He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell :
 Lill, ye may hear great Aaron's Bell.

But now thou dost thy self immure and close
 In some one Corner of a feeble Heart:
 Where yet both Sin and Satan, thy old Foes,
 Do pinch and streighten thee, and use much Art
 To gain thy thirds and little Part.

I see the World grows old, when as the Heat
 Of thy great Love once spread, as in an Urn
 Doth closet up it self, and still retreat,
 Cold Sin still forcing it, till it return,
 And calling Justice all things burn.

¶ Misery.

Lord, let the Angels praise thy Name.,
 Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing;
 Folly and Sin play all his game.
 His House still burns; and yet he still doth sing,
Man is but Glass,
He knows it, fill the Glass.

How can'st thou brook his Foolishness?
 Nay, he'll not lose a Cup of Drink for thee:
 Bid him but temper his Excess;
 Not he; he knows where he can better be,
 As he will swear,
 Than to serve thee in fear.

What strange Pollutions doth he wed,
 And make his own, as if none knew but he!
 No Man shall beat into his Head,
 That thou within his Curtains drawn can'st see:
 They are of Cloth,
 Where never yet came Moth.

The

The best of Men, turn but thy Hand
For one poor Minute, stumble at a Pin:
They would not have their Actions scan'd,
Nor any Sorrow tell them that they sin,
Though it be small,
And measure not their Fall.

They quarrel thee, and would give over
The Bargain made to serve thee: But thy Love
Holds them unto it, and dorth cover
Their Follies with the Wing of thy mild Dove,
Not suff'ring those
Who would, to be thy Foes.

My God, Man cannot praise thy Name:
Thou art all Brightness, perfect Purity:
The Sun holds down his Head for shame,
Dead with Eclipses, when we speak of thee.
How shall Infection
Presume on thy Perfection?

As dirty Hands foul all they touch,
And those things most, which are most pure and fine:
So our Clay-hearts, ev'n when we crouch
To sing thy Praises, make them less divine.
Yet either this,
Or none thy Portion is.

Man cannot serve thee; let him go
And serve the Swine; there, there is his Delight:
He doth not like this Virtue, no;
Give him his Dirt to wallow in all Night:
These Preachers make
His Head to shoot and ake.

Oh foolish Man, where are thine Eyes?
How hast thou lost them in a Crowd of Cares?

Thou pull'st the Rug, and wilt not rise,
No, not to purchase the whole Pack of Stars:

There let them shine,
Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The Bird that sees a dainty Bower
Made in the Tree where she was wont to sit,
Wonders and sings, but not his Power,
Who made the Arbour: This exceeds her Wit.

But Man doth know
The Spring whence all things flow:

And yet, as though he knew it not,
His Knowledge winks, and lets his Humours reign:

They make his Life a constant Blot,
And all the Blood of God to run in vain.

Ah wretch! what Verse
Can thy strange ways rehearse?

Indeed at first Man was a Treasure,
A Box of Jewels, Shop of Rarities,

A Ring, whose Posy was, *My Pleasure*;
He was a Garden in a Paradise:

Glory and Grace
Did crown his Heart and Face.

But Sin hath fool'd him. Now he is
A Lump of Flesh, without a Foot or Wing.

To raise him to the Glimpse of Bliss:
A sick toss'd Vessel dashing on each thing;

Nay, his own Shelf:
My God, I mean my self.

J. Fordam.

WH

That I f
My Tho
Curling
Decking

Thoufan
Off ring
I often h
This was
Nothing
Much le

As Flame
So did I
But whil
Whisper
There is
Copy out o

My bleffe
M
To shew t
If I but l
Thou can

¶ *Jordan.*

(mention,
When first my Lines of Heav'nly Joys made
 Such was their Lustre, they did so excel,
 That I sought out quaint words and trim invention :
 My Thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
 Curling with Metaphors a plain Intention,
 Decking the Sense, as if it were to sell.

Thousands of Notions in my Brain did run,
 Offring their Service, if I were not sped :
 I often blotted what I had begun ;
 This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
 Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the Sun,
 Much less those Joys which trample on his Head.

As Flames do work and wind, when they ascend :
 So did I weave my self into the sense.
 But while I bustled, I might hear a Friend
 Whisper, *How wide is all this long Pretence !*
There is in love a Sweetness ready penn'd ;
Copy out only that, and save Expence.

¶ *Prayer.*

Of what an easie quick access,
 My blessed Lord, art thou ! how suddenly
 May our Requests thine Ear invade !
 To shew that State dislikes not easiness.
 If I but lift mine Eyes, my Suit is made :
 Thou canst no more not hear, than thou canst die.

Of

The CHURCH.

Of what supream Almighty Power
 Is thy great Arm, which spans the East and West,
 And tacks the Centre to the Sphere !
 By it do all things live their measur'd hour :
 We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
 Blaming the shallowness of our Request.

Of what unmeasurable Love
 Art thou possesst, who when thou couldst not die,
 Wert fain to take our Flesh and Curse,
 And for our sakes in Person sin reprove ;
 That by destroying that which ty'd thy Purse,
 Thou might'st make way for Liberality !

Since then these three wait on thy Throne,
Ease, Power, and Love ; I value Prayer so,
 That were I to leave all but one,
 Wealth, Fame, Endowments, Virtues all should go :
 I and dear Prayer would together dwell,
 And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

¶ Obedience.

MY God, if Writings may
 Convey a Lordship any way,
 Whither the Buyer and the Seller please ;
 Let it not thee displease,
 If this poor Paper do as much as they.

On it my Heart doth bleed
 As many Lines, as there doth need
 To pass it self, and all it hath to thee :
 To which I do agree,
 And here present it as my special Deed.

If that hereafter Pleasure
Cavill, and claim her part and measure,
As if this pass'd with a reservation;
Or some such words in fashion;
I here exclude the Wrangler from thy Treasure.

O let thy sacred Will
All thy Delight in me fulfil:
Let me not think an Action mine own way,
But as thy Love shall sway,
Resigning up the Rudder to thy Skill.

Lord, what is Man to thee,
That thou should'st mind a rotten Tree?
Yet since thou can'st not chuse but see my Actions;
So great are thy Perfections,
Thou may'st as well my Actions guide, as see.

Besides, thy Death and Blood
Show'd a strange love to all our Good: }
Thy Sorrows were in earnest; no faint proffer,
Or superficial offer
Of what we might not take, or be withstood,

Wherefore I all forgo:
To one word only I say, No.
When in the Deed there was an Intimation
Of a Gift or Donation,
Lord, let it now by way of Purchase go.

He that will pass his Land,
As I have mine, may set his Hand
And Heart unto this Deed, when he hath read;
And make the Purchase spread
To both our Goods, if he to it will stand.

How

How happy were my part,
 If some kind Man would thrust his Heart
 Into these Lines; till in Heavens Court of Rolls,
 They were by winged Souls
 Entred for both, far above their Desert!

¶ Conscience.

Pease Pratler, do not lowre :
 Not a fair Look, but thou dost call it foul :
 Not a sweet Dish, but thou dost call it sowre :
 Musick to thee doth howl.
 By list'ning to thy chatting Fears
 I have both lost mine Eyes and Ears.

Pratler, no more, I say :
 My Thoughts must work, but like a noiseless Sphere,
 Harmonious Peace must rock them all the day :
 No room for Pratlers there.
 If thou persistest, I will tell thee,
 That I have Physick to expel thee.

And the Receipt shall be
 My Saviour's Blood : when ever at his board.
 I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,
 And leaves thee not a word,
 No not a Tooth or Nail to scratch,
 And at my Actions carp or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,
 Besides my Physick, know there's some for thee :
 Some Wood or Nails to make a Staff or Bill
 For those that trouble me :
 That bloody Cross of my dear Lord.
 Is both my Physick and my Sword..

L
 On
 Whe
 The
 With
 All she
 Yet all
 Did no
 Some
 Whe
 And no
 For all
 There t
 Which
 The
 Great
 All Solo
 Is not fo
 And tru
 Tombs f
 But G
 And a
 And eve
 The No
 C
 Om
 W
 Thy long
 My

¶ *Sion.*

Lord, with what Glory wast thou serv'd of old,
 When *Solomon's* Temple stood and flourished !
 Where most things were of purest Gold ;
 The Wood was all embellished

With Flowers and Carvings, mystical and rare :
 All shew'd the Builders, crav'd the Seer's care,

Yet all this Glory, all this Pomp and State
 Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim,
 Something there was that sow'd Debate :

Wherefore thou quitt'st thy ancient Claim :
 And now thy Architecture meets with Sin ;
 For all thy Frame and Fabrick is within.

There thou art struggling with a peevish Heart,
 Which sometimes crosseth thee, thou sometimes it :

The Fight is hard, on either part.

Great God doth fight, he doth submit.

All *Solomon's* Sea of Brass and World of Stone
 Is not so dear to thee as one good Groan.

And truly Brass and Stones are heavy things :
 Tombs for the Dead, not Temples fit for thee :

But Groans are quick and full of Wings,

And all their Motions upward be ;

And ever as they mount, like Larks they sing :
 The Note is sad, yet Musick for a King.

¶ *Home.*

Come Lord, my Head doth burn, my Heart is sick,
 While thou dost ever, ever stay :

Thy long Deferrings wound me to the quick,

My Spirit gaspeth night and day.

O shew thy self to me,

Or take me up to thee !

How

How can'st thou slay, considering the pace
 The Blood did make, which thou didst waste?
 When I beheld it trickling down thy Face,
 I never saw thing make such haste.
 O shew thy self to me
 Or take me up to thee!

When Man was lost, thy Pity look'd about,
 To see what Help in th' Earth or Sky:
 But there was none; at least no help without:
 The Help did in thy bosom lie.
 O shew thy self, &c.

There lay thy Son: and must he leave that Nest,
 That Hive of Sweetness, to remove
 Thralldom from those, who would not at a Feast
 Leave one poor Apple for thy Love?
 O shew thy self, &c.

He did, he came: O my Redeemer dear,
 After all this can'st thou be strange?
 So many Years baptiz'd, and not appear;
 As if thy Love could fail or change?
 O shew thy self, &c.

Yet if thou stayest still, why must I stay?
 My God, what is this world to me?
 This world of wo? hence all ye Clouds, away,
 Away; I must get up and see.
 O shew thy self, &c.

What is this weary World, this Meat and Drink,
 That chains us by the Teeth so fast?
 What is this Woman-kind, which I can wink
 Into a blackness and distaste?
 O shew thy self, &c.

With

The CHURCH.

101

With one small sigh thou gav'st me th' other day
I blasted all the Joys about me :
And scouling on them, as they pin'd away,
Now come again, said I, and flout me.
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee !

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
Which way so'er I look, I see.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dress themselves, and come to thee,
O shew thy self, &c.

We talk of Harvest ; there are no such things,
But when we leave our Corn and Hay :
There is no fruitful Year, but that which brings
The last and lov'd, though dreadful day.
O shew thy self, &c.

O loose this Frame, this knot of Man untie,
That my free Soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortality ;
As an entangled hamper'd thing.
O shew thy self, &c.

What have I left, that I should stay and groan ?
The most of me to Heav'n is fled :
My Thoughts and Joys are all packt up and gone,
And for their old Acquaintance plead.
O shew thy self, &c.

Come dearest Lord, pass not this holy Season,
My Flesh and Bones, and Joints do pray :
And ev'n my Verse, when by the Rhyme and Season
The word is *Stay*, says ever, *Come*.
O shew thy self to me
Or take me up to thee !

The

¶ The British Church.

I Joy dear Mother, when I view
Thy perfect Lineaments, and hue
Both sweet and bright.

Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her Letters from thy Face,
When she doth write.

A fine Aspect in fit array,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shews who is best.

Outlandish Looks may not compare.
For all they either painted are,
Or else undrest.

She on the Hills, which wantonly
Allureth all, in hope to be
By her preferr'd;

Hath kiss'd so long her painted Shrines,
That ev'n her Face by kissing shines,
For her Reward.

She in the Valley is so shie
Of dressing, that her Hair doth lie
About her Ears :

While she avoids her Neighbour's Pride,
She wholly goes on th' other side
And nothing wears.

But dearest Mother, (what those miss)
The mean thy Praise and Glory is,
And long may be.

Blessed be God whose love it was
To double-mote thee with his Grace,
And none but thee.

THE
W
To meet
And all

first, Be
Which v
Tell me,
But t ho

Then M
What T
I heard
But thou

Then ca
In Silks
He scar
But thou

Then ca
And he
And, to
But thou

Yet wh
To ansv
Speak
And the

¶ The

¶ The Quip.

THE merry World did on a day
With his Train-bands and Mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a Rose ;
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
Tell me, I pray, whose Hands are those ?
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
What Tune is this, poor Man ? said he :
I heard in Musick you had skill.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In Silks that whistled, who but he ?
He scarce allow'd me half an Eye.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a Comfort be,
And, to be short, make an Oration.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy Design
To answer these fine things shall come ;
Speak not at large, say, I am thine,
And then they have their Answer home.

¶ Vanity

¶ *Vanity.*

Poor silly Soul, whose Hope and Head lies low;
 Whose flat Delights on Earth do creep and grow;
 To whom the Stars shine not so fair, as Eyes;
 Nor solid Work, as false Embroideries;
 Heark and beware, lest what you now do measure,
 And write for sweet, prove a most sowre displeasure.

O hear betimes, lest thy relenting
 May come too late!
 To purchase Heaven for repenting,
 Is no hard rate.
 If Souls be made of earthly Mold,
 Let them love Gold;
 If born on high,
 Let them unto their Kindred fly:
 For they can never be at rest,
 Till they regain their ancient Nest.
 Then silly Soul take heed; for earthly Joy
 Is but a Bubble, and makes thee a Boy.

¶ *The Dawning.*

A Wake sad Heart, whom Sorrow ever drowns:
 Take up thine Eyes, which feed on Earth;
 Unfold thy Forehead gather'd into Frowns:
 Thy Saviour comes, and with him Mirth:
 Awake, awake;
 And with a thankful Heart his Comforts take.
 But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry,
 And feel his Death, but not his Victory.

Arise

Arise
 Chri
 Do not
 Wh

And wi
 Chri
 Draw

JESU
 Is de
 A great
 Ev'n all
 And first
 After, v
 When I
 I sat me
 That to

Rivers ru
 Know the
 Hast thou

If, poor S
 Would th
 Who hat

Arise sad Heart ; if thou dost not withstand,
Christ's Resurrection thine may be :
Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which as it riseth, raiseth thee :

Arise, arise ;

And with his Burial-linen dry thine Eyes. (Grief
Christ left his grave-clothes, that we might, when
Draws Tears or Blood, not want an Handkerchief.

¶ J E S U.

J E S U is in my Heart, his sacred Name
Is deeply carved there : but th'other week
A great Affliction broke the little Frame,
Ev'n all to Pieces ; which I went to seek :
And first I found the corner, where was J,
After, where ES, and next where U was graved.
When I had got these Parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken Heart he was *I ease you*,
And to my whole is J E S U.

¶ Business.

C An't be idle, can't thou play,
Foolish Soul, who sin'd to day ?

Rivers run, and Springs each one
Know their home, and get them gone :
Hast thou Tears, or hast thou none ?

If, poor Soul, thou hast no Tears,
Would thou hadst no Faults or Fears !
Who hath these, those ills forbears.

Winds

Winds still work : it is their plot,
 Be the Season cold or hot :
 Hast thou Sighs, or hast thou not ?

If thou hast no Sighs or Groans,
 Would thou hadst no Flesh and Bones !
 Lesser Pains 'scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
 Foolish Soul, who dy'd for thee ?

Who did leave his Father's Throne,
 To assume thy Flesh and Bone ?
 Had he Life, or had he none ?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
 Thou hadst dy'd most wretchedly ;
 And two Deaths had been thy Fee.

He so far thy good did plot,
 That his own self he forgot,
 Did he die, or did he not ?

If he had not dy'd for thee,
 Thou hadst liv'd in miserie ;
 Two Lives worse than ten Deaths be.

And hath any space of Breath
 Twixt his Sins and Saviour's Death ?

He that loseth Gold, though Dross,
 Tells to all he meets, his Cross :
 He that sins, hath he no loss ?

He that finds a silver Vein,
 Thinks on it, and thinks again ;
 Brings thy Saviour's Death no gain ?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
 Neither Sin nor Saviour feels.

¶ Dialogue.

Sweetest Saviour, if my Soul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then controul

Any Thought of waving,
But when all my Care and Pains
Cannot give the Name of Gains
To thy Wretch so full of Stains ;
What Delight or Hope remains ?

What (Child) is the Ballance thine ?
Thine the Poize and Measure ?

If I say thou shalt be mine,
Finger not my Treasure.

What the Gains in having thee
Do amount to, only he,
Who for Man was sold, can see,
That transfer'd th' Accounts to me.

But as I can see no Merit,
Leading to his Favour :
So the way to fit me for it,
Is beyond my Saviour.

As the Reason then is thine ;
So the Way is none of mine :
I disclaim the whole Design :
Sin disclaims, and I resign.

That is all, if that I could
Get without repining ;
And my Clay, my Creature wou'd
Follow my resigning ;

That as I did freely part
With my Glory and Desert,
Left all Joys to feel all Smart ———
Ah ! no more : Thou break'st my Heart.

F

¶ Dulness.

¶ *Dulness.*

WHy do I languish thus, drooping and dull,
 As if I were all Earth?
O give me Quickness, that I may with Mirth
 Praise thee brim-full.

The wanton Lover in a curious Strain
 Can praise his fairest Fair;
 And with quaint Metaphors her curled Hair
 Curl o're again:

Thou art my Loveliness, my Life, my Light,
 Beauty alone to me:
 Thy bloody Death, and undeserv'd, makes thee
 Pure red and white.

When all Perfections as but one appear,
 That those thy Form doth show,
 The very Dust where thou dost tread and go,
 Makes Beauties here.

Where are my Lines then? my Approaches? Views?
 Where are my window-Songs?
 Lovers are still pretending, and ev'n Wrongs
 Sharpen their Muse.

But I am lost in Flesh, whose sugered Lies
 Still mock me, and grow bold:
 Sure thou didst put a Mind there if I could
 Find where it lies.

Lord, clear thy Gift, that with a constant Wit
 I may but look towards thee:
 Look only: For to love thee, who can be,
 What Angel fit?

¶ Love

¶ Love-joy.

AS on a Window late I cast mine Eye,
 I saw a Vine drop Grapes, with J and C.
 Anneal'd on every Branch. One standing by
 Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
 To spend my Judgment) said, it seem'd to me
 To be the Body and the Letters both
 Of Joy and Charity; Sir, you have not miss'd,
 The Man reply'd; It figures JESUS CHRIST.

¶ Providence.

OSacred Providence, who from end to end
 Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write,
 And not of thee, through whom my Fingers bend
 To hold my Quill? Shall they not do thee right?
 Of all the Creatures both in Sea and Land
 Only to Man thou hast made known thy Ways,
 And put the Pen alone into his Hand,
 And made him Secretary of thy Praise.
 Beasts fain would sing; Birds ditty to their Notes;
 Trees would be tuning on their native Lute
 To thy Renown: but all their Hands and Throats
 Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute,
 Man is the World's High-Priest: He doth present
 The Sacrifice for all: while they below
 Unto the Service mutter an Assent,
 Such as Springs use that fall, and Winds that blow.
 He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain
 Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
 But robs a thousand, who would praise thee fain;
 And doth commit a World of Sin in one.

The Beasts say, Eat me ; but if Beasts must teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
The Trees say, Pull me ; but the Hand you stretch,
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my Fellows praise to thee:
And just it is that I should pay the Rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy Power and Love
To be exact, transcendent and divine ;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their Will, yet none but thine.

For either thy *Command* or thy *Permission*
Lay Hands on all ; they are thy *right* and *left*,
The first puts on with speed an Expedition ;
The other curbs Sin's stealing Pace and Theft ;

Nothing escapes them both ; all must appear,
And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could hear
Thy Skill and Art, what Musick would it be !

Thou art in small things great, not small in any ;
Thy even Praise can neither rise nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many !
For thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempests are calm to thee, they know thy Hand,
And hold it fast, as Children do their Fathers,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor Sand
Check the proud Sea, ev'n when it swells and gathers.

Thy Cupboard serves the World ; the Meat is set,
Where all may reach ; no Beast but knows his feed.
Birds teach us Hawking ; Fishes have their Net :
The great prey on the less, they on some weed.

Nothing

Nothing
Flies h
Some
Others

How fi
And m
Which
As Bow

Each C
The P
When
When

Bees w
Their
As fair
So both

Sheep e
Trees a
Springs
Clouds

Who h
And cu
Is there
Would

And if
A Rose
Doubt
Are the

Thou h
But at
He mal
And th

The CHURCH.

Fi 1

Nothing ingendred doth prevent his Meat ;
Flies have their Tables spread, e're they appear ;
Some Creatures have in Winter what to eat ;
Others do sleep, and envy not their Chear.

How finely dost thou Times and Seasons spin,
And make a Twist checker'd with Night and Day !
Which as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As Bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each Creature hath a Wisdom for his good,
The Pidgeons feed their tender Off-spring, crying,
When they are callow ; but withdraw their Food,
When they are fledg, that Need may teach 'em flying.

Bees work for Man ; and yet they never bruise
Their Master's Flow'r, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to use :
So both the Flow'r doth stay, and Honey run.

Sheep eat the Grasse, and dung the Ground for more :
Trees after bearing drop their Leaves for Soil :
Springs vent their Streams, and by Expence get store :
Clouds cool by Heat, and Baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the Virtue to expresse the rare
And curious Virtues both of Herbs and Stones ?
Is there an Herb for that ? O that thy care
Would shew a Root that gives Expressions ?

And if an Herb hath power, what have the Stars !
A Rose, besides his Beauty, is a Cure.
Doubtless our Plagues and Plenty, Peace and Wars
Are there much surer than our Art is sure.

Thou hast hid Metals : Man may take them thence ;
But at his Peril, when he digs the Place,
He makes a Grave ; as if the thing had Sense,
And threatned Man, that he should fill the Space.

Ev'n Poysons praise thee. Should a thing be lost?
Should Creatures want, for want of heed, their due?
Since where are Poysons, Antidotes are most;
The Help stands close, and keeps the Fear in view.

The Sea, which seems to stop the Traveller,
Is by a Ship the Speedier Passage made.
The Winds, who think they rule the Mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his Trade.

And as thy House is full, so I adore
Thy curious Art in marshalling thy Goods.
The Hills with Health abound, the Vales with store;
The South with marble; North with furs and woods.

Hard things are glorious; easy things good cheap;
The common all Men have; that which is rare,
Men therefore seek to have and care to keep.
The healthy Frosts with Summer Fruits compare.

Light without Wind is Glass; Warm without Weight
Is Wool and Furs; Cool without Coldness, shade;
Speed without Pains, a Horse; Tall without Height
A servile Hawk; Low without Loss, a Spade.

All Countries have enough to serve their Need:
If they seek fine things, thou dost make them run
For their Offence; and then dost turn their Speed
To be commerce and trade from Sun to Sun.

Nothing wears Clothes but Man; Nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing useth Fire,
But Man alone to shew his heav'nly Breed:
And only he hath Fewel in Desire.

When th'earth was dry, thou mad'st a sea of wet;
When that lay gather'd, thou did'st broach the moun-
When yet some places could no moisture get,
The winds grew gardners, and the clouds good four-

Rain

Rain doth not hurt my Flowers; but gently spend
Your Honey drops; press not to smell them here;
When they are ripe, their Odour will ascend,
And at your Lodging with their Thanks appear.

How harsh are Thorns to Pears! and yet they make
A better Hedge, and need less Reparation.
How smooth are Silks, compared with a Stake,
Or with a Stone! yet make no good Foundation.

Sometimes thou dost divide thy Gifts to Man,
Sometimes unite. The *Indian* Nut alone
Is Cloathing, Meat and Trencher, Drink and Can,
Boat, Cable, Sail and Needle, all in one.

Most Herbs that grow in Brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold Fruits warm Kernels help against the wind,
The Limon's Juice and Rind cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth bind.

Thy Creatures leap not, but express a Feast,
Where all the Guests sit close, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry Fish and Flesh; Bats, Bird and Beast;
Sponges, nonsense & sense; mines, th'earth and plants.

To shew thou art not bound, as if thy Lot
Were worse than ours, sometimes thou shiftest hands.
Most things move th' under Jaw; the Crocodile not.
Most things sleep lying, th' Elephant leans or stands.

But who hath praise enough? nay, who hath any?
None can express thy works, but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, which are so many,
And so compleat, but only he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have sev'ral ways,
Yet in their being joyn with one advice
To honour thee; and so I give thee praise
In all my other Hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name
It go for one, hath many ways in store
To honour thee ; and so each Hymn thy Fame
Extolleth many ways, yet this one more.

¶ *Hope.*

I Gave to Hope a Watch of mine ; but he
An Anchor gave to me.
Then an old Prayer-book I did present :
And he an Optick sent.
With that I gave a Vial full of Tears :
But he a few green Ears.
Ah Loyterer ! I'll no more, no more I'll bring :
I did expect a Ring.

¶ *Sins Round.*

Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am,
That my Offences course it in a Ring.
My Thoughts are working like a busy Flame ;
Until their Cockatrice they hatch and bring :
And when they once have perfected their Draughts,
My words take fire from my enflamed Thoughts.
My words take fire from my enflamed Thoughts ;
Which spit it forth like the *Sicilian Hill*.
They vent the Wares, and pass them with their Faults,
And by their breathing ventilate the Ill.
But words suffice not, where are lewd Intentions :
My Hands do joyn to finish the Inventions.
My Hands do joyn to finish the Inventions :
And so my Sins ascend three Stories high,
As *Babel* grew, before there were Dissentions.
Yet ill Deeds loyter not ; for they supply
New Thoughts of sinning ; wherefore to my shame
Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am.

¶ *Time.*

ME
No man
If it at
But v
Twen

Perhaps
Who ab
To who
Which
Chris
Since

And in
For who
An Exe
Thou an
An U
Beyon

And thi
While i
Ev'n Pl
And le
Who
Partal

Of wha
Which
Thus fa
Then cl
What
He do

¶ Time.

Meeting with Time, Slack thing, said I,
 Thy Sithe is dull, whet it for shame.
 No marvel, Sir, he did reply,
 If it at length deserve some blame:
 But where one Man would have me grind it,
 Twenty for one too sharp do find it.

Perhaps some such of old did pass,
 Who above all things lov'd this Life;
 To whom thy Sithe a Hatchet was,
 Which now is but a pruning Knife.
 Christ's coming hath made Man thy Debter,
 Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his Blessing thou art blest:
 For where thou only wert before
 An Executioner at best;
 Thou art a Gard'ner now and more,
 An Usher to convey our Souls
 Beyond the utmost Stars and Poles.

And this is that makes Life so long,
 While it detains us from our God.
 Ev'n Pleasures here increase the wrong:
 And length of Days lengthen the Rod.
 Who wants the Place where God doth dwell,
 Partakes already half of Hell.

Of what strange length must that needs be,
 Which ev'n Eternity excludes!
 Thus far Time heard me patiently:
 Then chafing said, this Man deludes:
 What do I here before his Door?
 He doth not crave less time, but more.

¶ Gratefulness.

THou that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful Heart.
See how thy Beggar works on thee
By Art.

He makes thy Gifts occasion more,
And says, if he in this be crost,
All thou hast given him heretofore
Is lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our Hearts and Hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
To save.

Perpetual Knockings at thy Door,
Tears sullyng thy transparent Rooms,
Gift upon Gift, much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithstanding, thou went'st on,
And didst allow us all our Noise :
Nay, thou hast made a Sigh and Groan
Thy Joys.

Not that thou hast not still above
Much better Tunes than Groans can make ;
But that these Country-Airs thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again ;
And in no quiet can'st thou be,
Till I a thankful Heart obtain
Of thee :

Not

Not thankful, when it pleaseth me ;
As if thy Blessings had spare Days :
But such a Heart, whose Pulse may be
Thy Praise.

¶ Peace.

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell ? I humbly
Let me once know. (crave,
I fought thee in a secret Cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there.
A hollow Wind did seem to answer, No :
Go seek elsewhere.

I did ; and going, did a Rain-bow note :
Surely thought I,
This is the Lace of Peace's Coat :
I will search out the Matter.
But while I look'd, the Clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a Garden, and did spy
A gallant Flower,
The Crown Imperial : Sure said I,
Peace at the Root must dwell.
But when I digg'd, I saw a Worm devour
What show'd so well.

At lenth I met a rev'rend good old Man :
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began ;
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increase
Of Flock and Fold.

He sweetly liv'd ; yet Sweetness did not save
His Life from Foes.

But after death out of his Grave
There sprang twelve Stalks of Wheat :
Which many wondring at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the Earth :

For they that taste it do rehearse,
That Virtues lie therein ;
A secret Virtue, bringing Peace and Mirth
By flight of sin.

Take of this Grain, which in my Garden grows,
And grows for you ;
Make Bread of it ; and that Repose
And Peace, which every where
With so much Earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there.

¶ *Confession.*

O What a cunning Guest
Is this tame Grief ! within my Heart-I made
Closets, and in them many a Chest ;
And, like a Master in my Trade,
In those Chests, Boxes ; in each Box, a Till :
Yet Grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No Scrue, no Piercer can
Into a Piece of Timber work and wind,
As God's Afflictions into Man,
When he a Torture hath design'd.
They are too subtil for the subt'lest Hearts ;
And fall, like Rheums upon the tenderest parts,

We

Like M
An
TH
No Sm
Closets

Doth sh
Or
Bu
Smooth
Doth gi

Lord, I
For
I ch
The cle
They sh

O H
F
He is fo
Eac

One wh
But
And call
Wil

We are the Earth, and they,
Like Moles within us, heave and cast about :
And till they foot and clutch their Prey,
They never cool, much less give out.
No Smith can make such Locks, but they have Keys :
Closets are Halls to them ; and Hearts High-ways :

Only an open Breast
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter ;
Or if they enter, cannot rest,
But quickly seek some new Adventure.
Smooth open Hearts no Fastning have ; but Fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to Affliction.

Wherefore my Faults and Sins,
Lord, I acknowledge : take thy Plagues away :
For since Confession Pardon wins,
I challenge here the brightest Day,
The clearest Diamond : let them do their best,
They shall be thick and cloudy to my Breast.

¶ *Giddiness.*

O H what a thing is Man ; how far from Power,
From settled Peace and Rest !
He is some twenty sev'ral Men at least
Each sev'ral hour.

One while he counts of Heav'n, as of his Treasure :
But then a Thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of Sin
Will lose a Pleasure.

Now

Now he will fight it out, and to the Wars;
 Now eat his bread in peace,
 And snudge in quiet; now he scorns increase;
 Now all day spares.

He builds a House, which quickly down must go,
 As if a Whirlwind blew
 And crush'd the Building: And it's partly true,
 His Mind is so.

O what a fight were Man, if his Attires
 Did alter with his Mind!
 And like a Dolphin's Skin, his Clothes combin'd
 With his Desires!

Surely, if each one saw another's Heart,
 There would be no commerce,
 No Sale or Bargain pass: All would disperse,
 And live apart.

Lord, mend, or rather make us: One Creation
 Will not suffice our turn:
 Except thou make us daily, we shall spurn
 Our own Salvation.

¶ *The Bunch of Grapes.*

JOy, I did lock thee up, but some bad Man
 Hath let thee out again:
 And now, methinks, I am where I began
 Seven Years ago; one Vogue and Vein,
 One Air of Thoughts usurps my Brain.
 I did towards Canaan draw; but now I am
 Brought back to the Red Sea, the Sea of Shame.

For

For as the Jews of old by God's command
 Travell'd, and saw no Town;
 So now each Christian hath his Journey spann'd:
 Their Story pens and sets us down.
 A single deed is small Renown.
 God's Works are wide, and let in future Times:
 His ancient Justice overflows our Crimes.

Then have we too our Guardian-fires and Clouds;
 Our Scripture-dew drops fast:
 We have our Sands and Serpents, Tents and Shrouds:
 Alas! our Murmurings come not last.
 But where's the cluster? Where's the taste
 Of mine Inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow
 Let me as well take up their Joy as Sorrow.

But can he want the Grape, who hath the Wine?
 I have their Fruit and more.
 Blessed be God, who prosper'd *Noah's* Vine,
 And made it bring forth Grapes good store.
 But much more him I must adore,
 Who of the Laws sower Juice sweet Wine did make,
 Ev'n a God himself being pressed for my sake.

¶ *Love unknown.*

DEAR Friend, sit down, the Tale is long and sad:
 And in my Faintings I presume your Love
 Will more comply than help. A Lord I had,
 And have, of whom some grounds, which may im-
 I hold for two Lives, and both lives in me. (prove
 To him I brought a Dish of Fruit one day,
 And in the middle plac'd my Heart. But he
 (I sigh to say)

Lookt

Lookt on a Servant, who did know his Eye
 Better than you knew me, or (which is one)
 Than I my self. The Servant instantly
 Quitting the Fruit, seiz'd on my Heart alone,
 And threw it in a Font, wherein did fall
 A Stream of Blood, which issu'd from the Side
 Of a great Rock: I will remember all,
 And have good cause: There it was dipt and dy'd,
 And washt, and wrung: The very wringing yet
 Enforceth Tears. *Your Heart was foul, I fear.*
 Indeed 'tis true: I did and do commit
 Many a Fault, more than my Lease will bear;
 Yet still ask'd Pardon, and was not deny'd.
 But you shall hear. After my Heart was well,
 And clean and fair, as I one even-tide

(I sigh to tell)

Walkt by my self abroad, I saw a large
 And spacious Furnace flaming, and thereon
 A boiling Caldron, round about whose Verge
 Was in great Letters set *AFFLICTION*.
 The greatness shew'd the Owner. So I went
 To fetch a Sacrifice out of my Fold,
 Thinking with that, which I did thus present,
 To warm his Love, which I did fear grew cold.
 But as my Heart did tender it, the Man
 Who was to take it from me, slip't his hand,
 And threw my Heart into the scalding Pan;
 My Heart that brought it (do you understand?)
 The Offerer's Heart. *Your Heart was hard, I fear.*
 Indeed 'tis true, I found a callous Matter
 Began to spread and to expatiate there:
 But with a richer Drug than scalding Water
 I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy Blood,
 Which at a Board, while many drunk bare Wine,
 A Friend did steal into my Cup for good,
 Ev'n taken inwardly, and most Divine,

To

To sup
 Out of
 Unto m
 Which
 But wh

I found
 I woul
 When v
 Full w
 For I h
 It must
 Indeed
 Dist of
 Though
 But all
 Who to
 For oug
 More Fa
 The For
 The Cald
 The Thor
 All did b
 Wherefor
 Each day
 Who fain

All Crea

Rather h

To supple hardnesſes. But at the length
 Out of the Caldron getting, ſoon I fled
 Unto my Houſe, where to repair the Strength
 Which I had loſt; I haſted to my Bed :
 But when I thought to ſleep out all theſe Faults,
 (I ſigh to ſpeak)
 I found that ſome had ſtuff'd the Bed with thoughts,
 I would ſay *Thorns*. Dear, could my Heart not break,
 When with my Pleaſures ev'n my Reſt was gone ?
 Full well I underſtood who had been there :
 For I had giv'n the Key to none but one :
 It muſt be he. *Your Heart was dull, I fear.*
 Indeed a ſlack and ſleepy State of Mind
 Diſt oft poſſeſs me ſo, that when I pray'd,
 Though my Lips went, my Heart did ſtay behind.
 But all my Scores were by another paid,
 Who took the Debt upon him. *Truly, Friend,*
For ought I hear, your Maſter ſhows to you
More Favour than you wot of. Mark the end,
The Font did only what was old renew ;
The Caldron ſuppled what was grown too hard ;
The Thorns did quicken what was grown too dull ;
All did but ſtrive to mend what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd, and praiſe him to the full
Each day, each Hour, each moment of the Week,
Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick.

¶ *Man's Medley.*

HEARK how the Birds do ſing,
 And Woods do ring.
 All Creatures have their Joy, and Man hath his,
 Yet, if we rightly meaſure,
 Man's Joy and Pleaſure
 Rather hereafter, than in preſent, is.

To

To this Life things of sense
 Make their pretence :
 In th' other Angels have a right by Birth :
 Man ties them both alone,
 And makes them one, (Earth.
 With th' one Hand touching Heav'n, with th' other
 In Soul he mounts and flies,
 In Flesh he dies :
 He wears a Stuff, whose Thread is coarse and round,
 But trimm'd with curious Lace,
 And should take place
 After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.
 Not, that he may not here
 Taste of the cheer :
 But as Birds drink, and straight lift up their Heads;
 So must he sip, and think
 Of better drink
 He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his Joys are double :
 So is his Trouble.
 He hath two Winters, other things but one :
 Both Frosts and Thoughts do nip,
 And bite his Lip ;
 And he of all things fears two Deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greatest Grievs
 May be Reliefs,
 Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
 Happy is he, whose Heart
 Hath found the Art
 To turn his double Pains to double Praise.

I F, as
 My Sigl

And m
 Amaze

Stars ha

A thro

It quits
 Dares to

There it

Glory a

Poets ha
 They pu

I Bles
 Amor
 To thee

What op
 Can blas
 While th

¶ The Storm.

IF, as the Winds and Waters here below
Do fly and flow,
My Sighs and Tears as busy were above;
Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempestuous Times
Amaze poor Mortals, and object their Crimes.

Stars have their Storms, ev'n in a high degree,
As well as we.
A throbbing Conscience spurred by Remorse
Hath a strange Force:
It quits the Earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to assault thee, and besiege thy Door.

There it stands knocking to thy Musick's wrong,
And drowns the Song.
Glory and Honour are set by, till it
An answer get.
Poets have wrong'd poor Storms: Such days are left:
They purge the air without, within the breast.

¶ Paradise.

I Bless thee, Lord, because I GROW
Among thy Trees, which in a ROW
To thee both Fruit and order OW.

What open Force, or hidden CHARM
Can blast my Fruit, or bring me HARM,
While the Inclosure is thine ARM?

Inclosure

Inclose me still for fear I START.
Be to me rather sharp and TART,
Than let me want thy Hand and ART.

When thou dost greater Judgments SPARE,
And with thy Knife but prune and PARE,
Ev'n fruitful Trees more fruitful ARE.

Such Sharpness shows the sweetest FRIEND:
Such Cuttings rather heal than REND:
And such Beginnings touch their END.

¶ The Method.

Poor Heart, lament.
For since thy God refuseth still,
There is some rub, some discontent,
Which cools his Will.

Thy Father *could*
Quickly effect what thou dost move:
For he is *Power*, and sure he *would*;
For he is *Love*.

Go search this thing,
Tumble thy Breast, and turn thy Book:
If thou hadst lost a Glove or Ring,
Wouldst thou not look?

What do I see
Written above there? *Yesterday*
I did behave me carelessly,
When I did pray.

And

And should God's Ear
To such indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own Motions hear ?
Is God less free ?

But stay : What's there ?
*Late when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.*

And should God's Ear,
Which needs not Man, be ty'd to those
Who hear not him, but quickly hear
His utter Foes ?

Then once more pray ;
Down with thy Knees, up with Voice :
Seek Pardon first, and God will say,
Glad Heart rejoice.

¶ Divinity.

AS Men for fear the Stars should sleep and nod,
And trip at night, have Spheres supply'd ;
As if a Star were duller than a clod,
Which knows his way without a Guide :

Just so the other Heav'n they also serve,
Divinities transcendent Sky :
Which with the Edge of Wit they cut and carve.
Reason triumphs, and Faith lies by.

Could not that wisdom, which first broach'd the Wine,
Have thicken'd it with Definitions ?
And jagg'd his seamless Coat, had that been fine,
With curious Questions and Divisions ?

But

But all the Doctrine which he taught and gave,
 Was clear as Heav'n from whence it came :
 At least those beams of Truth, which only save,
 Surpass in brightness any Flame.

*Love God, and love your Neighbour. Watch and pray,
 Do as you would be done unto.*
 O dark Instructions, ev'n as dark as day !
 Who can these Gordian Knots undo ?

But he doth bid us take his Blood for Wine.
 Bid what he please ; yet I am sure,
 To take and taste what he doth there design,
 Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish Man ;
 Break all thy Spheres, and save thy Head.
 Faith needs no Staff of Flesh, but stoutly can
 To Heav'n alone both go and lead.

Ephes. iv. 30.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit, &c.

ANd art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
 When I am fowr,
 And cross thy Love ?
 Grieved for me ? the God of Strength and Power
 Griev'd for a Worm, which when I tread,
 I pass away and leave it dead ?

Then

Then weep mine Eyes, the God of Love doth grieve :

Weep foolish Heart,

And weeping live ;

For Death is dry as Dust. Yet if ye part,

End as the Night, whose sable Hue

Your Sins expresse : melt into Dew.

When sawcy Mirth shall knock or call at Door,

Cry out, Get hence,

Or cry no more.

Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on Sense :

I sin not to my Grief alone,

But to my God's too ; he doth groan.

O take thy Lute, and tune it to a Strain,

Which may with thee

All day complain.

There can no Discord but in ceasing be.

Marbles can weep ; and surely Strings

More Bowels have than such hard Things :

Lord, I adjudge my self to Tears and Grief,

Ev'n endless Tears

Without Relief.

If a clear Spring for me no time forbears,

But runs, although I be not dry ;

I am no Chrystal, what shall I ?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail

Nature denies ;

And Flesh would fail,

If my Deserts were Masters of mine Eyes ;

Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good

My want of Tears with store of Blood.

¶ The Family.

What doth this Noise of Thoughts within my ^{(Heart,}
 As if they had a part ?
 What do these loud Complaints and pulling Fears,
 As if there were no Rule or Ears ?

But, Lord, the House and Family are thine,
 Though some of them repine,
 Turn out these Wranglers, which defile thy Seat :
 For where thou dwellest all is neat.

First, Peace and Silence all disputes controul,
 Then Order plays the Soul ;
 And giving all things their set Forms and Hours,
 Makes of wild Woods sweet Walks and Bowers.

Humble Obedience near the Door doth stand,
 Expecting a Command :
 Than whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
 Nothing more quick, when she doth go.

Joys oft are there, and Griefs as oft as Joys ;
 But Grief's without a noise :
 Yet speak they louder, than distemper'd Fears ;
 What is so shrill as silent Tears ?

This is thy House, with these it doth abound :
 And where these are not found,
 Perhaps thou com'st sometimes, and for a day ;
 But not to make a constant stay.

¶ The

¶ The Size.

Content thee, greedy Heart.
 Modest and moderate Joys to those, that have
 Title to more hereafter when they part,
 Are passing brave.
 Let th' upper Springs into the low
 Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though some have a fraught
 Of Cloves and Nutmegs, and in Cinamon sail?
 If thou hast wherewithal to spice a Draught,
 When Griefs prevail,
 And for the future time art Heir
 To the Isle of Spices, is't not fair?

To be in both Worlds full
 Is more than God was, who was hungry here.
 Wouldst thou his Laws of Fasting disannul?
 Enact good Chear?
 Lay out thy Joy, yet hope to save it?
 Wouldst thou both eat thy Cake, and have it?

Great Joys are all at once;
 But little do reserve themselves for more:
 Those have their hopes; these what they have re-
 And live on score: (nounce
 Those are at home; these journey still,
 And meet the rest on *Sion's Hill*.

Thy Saviour sentenc'd Joy,
 And in the Flesh condemn'd it as unfit,
 At least in Lump; for such doth oft destroy,
 Whereas a bit
 Doth tice us on to hopes of more,
 And for the present Health restore.

G

A

A Christian's State and Case
 Is not a corpulent, but a thin and spare,
 Yet active Strength: Whose long and bony Face
 Content and Care
 Do seem to equally divide,
 Like a Pretender, not a Bride.

Wherefore sit down good Heart,
 Grasp not at much, for fear thou lovest all:
 If Comforts feel according to desert,
 They would great Frosts and Snows destroy:
 For we should count since the last Joy.

Then close again the Seam
 Which thou hast open'd; do not spread thy Robe
 In hope of great things. Call to mind thy Dream,
 An earthly Globe,
 On whose Meridian was engraven,
These Seas are Tears, and Heav'n the Haven.

¶ Artillery.

AS I one Evening sat before my Cell,
 Me-thoughts a Star did shoot into my Lap.
 I rose and shook my Clothes, as knowing well,
 That from small Fires comes oft no small mishap:
 When suddenly I heard one say,
 Do as thou usest, disobey,
 Expel good Motions from thy Breast,
Which have the Face of Fire, but end in Rest.

I, who had heard of Musick in the Spheres,
But not of Speech in Stars, began to muse :
But turning to my God, whose Ministers
The Stars and all Things are ; if I refuse,
Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good ;
Then I refuse not ev'n with Blood
To wash away my stubborn Thought :
For I will do, or suffer what I ought.

But I have also Stars and Shooters too,
Born where thy Servants both Artilleries use.
My Tears and Prayers Night and Day do woe,
And work up to thee ; yet thou dost refuse.
Not but I am (I must say still)
Much more oblig'd to do thy Will,
Than thou to grant mine : But because
Thy Promise now hath ev'n set thee thy Laws :

Then we are Shooters both, and thou dost deign
To enter Combat with us, and contest
With thine own Clay. But I would parley fain :
Shun not my Arrows, and behold my Breast.
Yet if thou shunnest, I am thine :
I must be so, if I am mine.
There is no artictling with thee :
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

¶ Church Rents and Schisms.

BRave Rose, (alas!) where art thou? in the Chair,
 Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
 A Worm doth sit, whose many Feet and Hair
 Are the more foul the more thou art divine.
 This, this hath done it, this did bite the Root
 And bottom of the Leaves; which when the Wind
 Did once perceive, it blew them under Foot,
 Where rude unhallow'd Steps do crush and grind
 Their beauteous Glories. Only Shreds of thee,
 And those all bitten, in thy Chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? Is she the Rose,
 And shows it so? Indeed Christ's precious Blood
 Gave you a Colour once; which when your Foes
 Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
 And made you look much fresher than before.
 But when Debates and fretting Jealousies
 Did worm and work within you more and more,
 Your Colour faded, and Calamities
 Turned your Ruddy into Pale and Bleak;
 Your Health and Beauty both began to break.

Then did you sev'ral parts unloose and start:
 Which when your Neighbours saw, like a North-wind
 They rushed in, and cast them in the Dirt
 Where Pagans tread. O Mother dear and kind,
 Where shall I get me Eyes enough to weep,
 As many Eyes as Stars, since it is Night,
 And much of *Asia* and *Europe* fast asleep,
 And even all *Africk*; would at least I might
 With these two poor ones lick up all the Dew,
 Which falls by Night, and pour it out for you.

¶ Justice.

¶ Justice.

O Dreadful Justice, what a Fright and Terror
 Wast thou of old,
 When Sin and Error
 Did show and shape thy Looks to me,
 And through their Glass discolour thee!
 He that did but look up, was proud and bold.
 The Dishes of thy Balance seem'd to gape,
 Like two great Pits;
 The Beam and Scape
 Did like some tort'ring Engine show:
 Thy Hand above did burn and glow,
 Danting the stoutest Hearts, the proudest Wits.
 But now that Christ's pure Vail presents the sight,
 I see no Fears:
 Thy Hand is white,
 Thy Scales like Buckets, which attend
 And interchangeably descend,
 Lifting to Heaven from this Well of Tears.
 For where before thou didst call on me,
 Now I still touch
 And harp on thee.
 God's Promises have made thee mine:
 Why should I Justice now decline?
 Against me there is none, but for me much.

¶ The Pilgrimage.

I Travel on, seeing the Hill, where lay
 My Expectation,
 A long it was and weary way.
 The Gloomy Cave of Desperation
 I left on th' one, and on the other side
 The Rock of Pride.

G 3

And

And so I came to Fancy's Meadows strow'd
 With many a Flower :
 Fain would I here have made Abode,
 But I was quicken'd by my Hour.
 So to Care's Cops I came, and there got through
 With much ado.

That led me to the Wild of Passion; which
 Some call the World ;
 A wasted Place, but sometimes rich.
 Here I was robb'd of all my Gold,
 Save one good Angel, which a Friend had ty'd
 Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome Hill,
 Where lay my Heart ; and climbing still,
 When I had gain'd the brow and top,
 A Lake of brackish Waters on the Ground
 Was all I found.

With that abash'd, and struck with many a Sting,
 Of swarming Fears,
 I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King !
 Can both the way and end be Tears ?
 Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceiv'd
 I was deceiv'd.

My Hill was further : So I flung away,
 Yet heard a Cry
 Just as I went, *None goes that way*
And lives ; If that be all, said I,
 After so foul a Journey Death is fair,
 And but a Chair.

¶ The

¶ The Hold-fast.

I Threatned to observe the sweet Decree
Of my dear God with all my Power and Might :
But I was told by one it could not be ;
Yet I might trust in God to be my Light.

Then will I trust, said I, in him alone.

Nay, ev'n to trust in him, was also his :
We must confess, that nothing is our own.
Then I confess that he my Succour is.

But to have nought is ours, not to confess

That we have nought. I stood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a Friend express,
That all things were more ours by being his.
What *Adam* had, and forfeited for all,
Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

¶ Complaining.

DO not beguile my Heart,
Because thou art
My Power and Wisdom. Put me not to shame,
Because I am
Thy Clay that weeps, thy Dust that calls.
Thou art the Lord of Glory ;
The Deed and Story
Are both thy due : But I a silly Fly,
That live or die,
According as thy Weather falls.
Art thou all Justice, Lord ?
Shows not thy Word
More Attributes ? Am I all Throat or Eye,
To weep or cry ?
Have I no Parts but those of Grief ?

Let not thy wrathful Power
 Afflict my Hour,
 My Inch of Life ; or let thy gracious Power
 Contract my Hour,
 That I may climb and find Relief.

¶ *The Discharge.*

BUfy enquiring Heart, what wouldst thou know ?
 Why dost thou pry,
 And turn and leese, and with a licorous Eye
 Look high and low,
 And in thy Lookings stretch and grow ?
 Hast thou not made thy Counts, and summ'd up all ?
 Did not thy Heart
 Give up the whole, and with the whole depart ?
 Let what will fall :
 That which is past who can recal ?
 Thy Life is God's, thy Time to come is gone,
 And is his Right.
 He is thy Night at Noon : He is at Night
 Thy Noon alone.
 The Crop is his, for he hath sown.
 And well it was for thee, when this befel,
 That God did make
 Thy Business his, and in thy Life partake :
 For thou can'st tell,
 If it be his once, all is well.
 Only the present is thy part and fee
 And happy thou,
 If, though thou didst not beat thy future Brow,
 Thou couldst well see
 What present things requir'd of thee.

They

They ask enough ; why shouldst thou further go ?

Raise not the Mud

Of future Depths, but drink the clear and good.

Dig not for Woe,

In Times to come ; for it will grow.

Man and the present fit : If he provide,

He breaks the Square.

This Hour is mine : If for the next I care,

I grow too wide,

And do incroach upon Death's side :

For Death each Hour environs and surrounds.

He that would know

And care for future Chances, cannot go

Unto those Grounds,

But through a Church-yard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die : But they that spend

Their Thoughts and Sense

On future Grief, do not remove it thence,

But it extend,

And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the Dog till Night : Wilt loose the Chain,

And wake thy Sorrow ?

Wilt thou forestal it, and now grieve to morrow,

And then again

Grieve over freshly all thy Pain ?

Either Grief will not come ; or if it must,

Do not forecast :

And while it cometh, it is almost past.

Away Distrust :

My God hath promis'd ; he is just.

¶ Praise.

King of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love thee :
And that Love may never cease,
I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my Request,
Thou hast heard me
Thou didst note my working Breast,
Thou hast spar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmost Art
I will sing thee.
And the Cream of all my Heart
I will bring thee.

Though my Sins against me cryed,
Thou didst clear me ;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Sev'n whole Days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee.
In my Heart, though not in Heaven,
I can raise thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with Tears,
Thou relentedst :
And when Justice call'd for Fears,
Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poor sort
To enrol thee :
Ev'n Eternity is too short
To extol thee.

¶ An

¶ *An Offering.*

Come, bring thy Gift. If Blessings were as flow
 As Mens returns, what would become of Fools?
 What hast thou there? a Heart? but is it pure?
 Search well and see; for Hearts have many holes.
 Yet one pure Heart is nothing to bestow;
 In Christ two Natures met to be thy Cure.

O that within us Hearts had Propagation,
 Since many Gifts do challenge many Hearts!
 Yet one, if good, may title to a number,
 And single things grow fruitful by Deserts.
 In publick Judgments one may be a Nation,
 And fence a Plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is, lest thy Heart displease,
 As neither good, nor one: So oft Divisions
 Thy Lusts have made, and not thy Lusts alone;
 Thy Passions also have their set Partitions.
 These parcel out thy Heart. Recover these,
 And thou may'st offer many Gifts in one.

There is a Balsam, or indeed a Blood, (close
 Dropping from Heav'n, which doth both cleanse and
 All sorts of Wounds; of such strange Force it is.
 Seek out this All-heal, and seek no Repose,
 Until thou find and use it to thy good;
 Then bring thy Gift, and let thy Hymn be this;

Since my Sadness
 Into Gladness,
 Lord, thou dost convert;
 O accept
 What thou hast kept,
 As thy due Desert.

Had

Had I many,
 Had I any,
 (For this Heart is none)
 All were thine
 And none of mine,
 Surely thine alone.

Yet thy Favour
 May give favour
 To this poor Oblation ;
 And it raise
 To be thy Praise,
 And be my Salvation.

¶ *Longing.*

With sick and famish'd Eyes
 With doubling Knees, and weary Bones,
 To thee my Cries,
 To thee my Groans,
 To thee my Sighs, my Tears ascend :
 No end ?

My Throat my Soul is hoarse !
 My Heart is wither'd like a Ground
 Which thou dost curse.
 My Thoughts run round,
 And make me giddy : Lord, I fall,
 Yet call.

From thee all Pity flows.
 Mothers are kind, because thou art,
 And dost dispose
 To them a part :
 Their Infants them, and they seek thee
 More free.

Bowels

Bowels of Pity, hear !
 Lord of my Soul, Love of my Mind,
 Bow down thine Ear !
 Let not the Wind
 Scatter my Words, and in the same
 Thy name !

Look on my Sorrows round !
 Mark well my Furnace ! O what Flames,
 What Heats abound !
 What Griefs, what Shames !
 Consider, Lord ; Lord, bow thine Ear,
 And hear ?

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow
 Thy dying Head upon the Tree :
 O be not now
 More dead to me !
 Lord, hear ! *Shall he that made the Ear*
Not hear ?

Behold, thy Dust doth stir ;
 It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee :
 Wilt thou defer
 To succour me,
 Thy pile of Dust, wherein each Crumb
 Says, Come ?

To thee help apperrains.
 Hast thou left all things to their course,
 And laid the Reins
 Upon the Horse ?
 Is all lockt ? Hath a Sinner's Plea
 No Key ?

Indeed

Indeed the World's thy Book,
Where all things have their Leaf assign'd :

Yet a meek Look

Hath interlin'd.

Thy Board is full, yet humble Guests
Find Nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing ; thou dost reign,
And rule on high,
While I remain.

In bitter Grief : Yet am I stil'd
Thy Child.

Lord, didst thou leave thy Throne,
Not to relieve ? How can it be,
That thou art grown
Thus hard to me ?
Were Sin alive, good cause there were
To bear.

But now both Sin is dead,
And all thy Promises live and bide :
That wants his Head :
These speak and chide,
And in thy Bosom pour my Tears,
As theirs

Lord JESU, hear my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That ev'ry part
Hath got a Tongue.
Thy Beggars grow ; rid them away
To day.

My

By the

And he

A W
T

He

Ev

Sto

Well in

Hast th

Th

Th

In

Re

He did

The Sta

Th

Th

An

He

He had

When h

He

Bot

He

An

Here he

My Love my sweetness hear, hear !
By these thy Feet, at which my Heart
Lies all the Year,
Pluck out thy Dart,
And heal my troubled Breast, which cries,
Which dies.

¶ *The Bag.*

A Way Despair ; my gracious Lord doth hear,
Though Winds and Waves assault my Keel,
He doth preserve it : he doth steer,
Ev'n when the Boat seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his Art :
Well may he close his Eyes, but not his Heart.

Hast thou heard, that my Lord JESUS dy'd ?
Then let me tell thee a strange Story.
The God of Power, as he did ride
In his majestick Robes of Glory,
Resolv'd to light : and so one day
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The Stars his tire of Light and Rings obtain'd,
The Cloud his Bow, the Fire his Spear,
The Sky his azure Mantle gain'd.
And when they ask'd what he would wear ;
He smil'd, and said as he did go,
He had new Clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as Travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an Inn.
Both then and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancel Sin :
And having given the rest before,
Here he gave up his Life to pay our Score.

But

But as he was returning, there came one
 That ran upon him with a Spear.
 He who came hither all alone,
 Bringing nor Man, nor Arms, nor Fear,
 Receiv'd the Blow upon his Side,
 And straight he turn'd, and to his Brethren cry'd;

If ye have any thing to send or write,
 (I have no Bag, but here is room)
 Unto my Father's Hands and Sight
 (Believe me) it shall safely come.
 That I shall mind what you impart;
 Look, you may put it very near my Heart.

Or if hereafter any of my Friends
 Will use me in this kind, the Door
 Shall still be open; what he sends
 I will present, and somewhat more,
 Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
 Any thing to me. Hark Despair, away.

¶ *The Jews.*

Poor Nation, whose sweet Sap and Juice
 Our Cyens have purloin'd, and left you dry:
 Whose Streams we got by the Apostles Sluce,
 And use in Baptism, while ye pine and die;
 Who by not keeping once, became a Debtor;
 And now by keeping lose the Letter:

O that my Prayers! mine alas!
 Oh that some Angel might a Trumpet sound:
 At which the Church falling upon her Face
 Should cry so loud, until the Trump were drown'd,
 And by that cry of her dear Lord obtain,
 That your sweet Sap might come again!

¶ *The*

¶ The Collar.

I Struck the Board, and cry'd, no more ;
I will abroad.

What shall I ever sigh and pine ?
My Lines and Life are free ; free as the Road,
Loose as the Wind, as large as Store.

Shall I be still in Suit ?

Have I no Harvest, but a Thorn
To let me Blood, and not restore
What I have lost with Cordial Fruit ?

Sure there was Wine,

Before my Sighs did dry it : There was Corn,
Before my Tears did drown it.

Is the Year only lost to me ?

Have I no Bays to crown it ?

No Flowers, no Garlands gay ? all blasted ?
All wasted ?

Not so, my Heart ; but there is Fruit,
And thou hast Hands.

Recover all thy sigh-blown Age
On double Pleasures : Leave thy cold Dispute
Of what is fit, and not forsake thy Cage,

Thy Rope of Sands,

Which petty Thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good Cable, to enforce and draw,

And be thy Law,

While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.

Away ; take heed :

I will abroad,

Call in thy Death's-head there : tie up thy Fears.

He that forbears

To suit and serve his need,

Deserves his load.

But as I rav'd, and grew more fierce and wild

At every word,

Methoughts I heard one calling, *Child* ;

And I reply'd, *My Lord*.

¶ The

¶ *The Glimpse.*

W Hither away Delight ?

Thou can'st but now ; wilt thou so soon depart,
And give me up to Night ?

For many Weeks of lingring pain and smart
But one half hour of Comfort for my Heart ?

Methinks delight should have
More Skill in Musick, and keep better Time.

Wert thou a Wind or Wave,
They quickly go and come with lesser Crime :
Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but adds to the desire of Meat.

Lime begg'd of old (they say)
A Neighbour spring to cool his inward heat :
Which by the Springs access grew much more great.

In hope of thee my Heart
Pickt here and there a Crumb, and would not die ;
But constant to his part,
When as my Fears foretold this, did reply,
A slender Thread a gentle Guest will tye,

Yet if the Heart that wept
Must let thee go, return when it doth knock,
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spin,
The Wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.
Thou know'st how Grief and Sin
Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
Who by thy coming may be made a Court !

¶ *Alu*

¶ Assurance.

O Spiteful bitter Thought !

Bitterly spiteful Thought ! Couldst thou invent
So high a Torture ? Is such Poyson bought ?
Doubtless, but in the way of punishment,
When Wit contrives to meet with thee ;
No such rank Poyson can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,
That all was not so fair as I conceiv'd,
Betwixt my God and me ; that I allow
And coin large hopes : But that I was deceiv'd ;
Either the League was broke, or near it ;
And that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this ? What more
Could Poyson, if it had a Tongue, expresse ?
What is thy aim ? Wouldst thou unlock the Door
To cold Despairs and gnawing Pensiveness ?
Wouldst thou raise Devils ? I see, I know,
I writ thy Purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the Hope and Comfort that I gather,
Were from my self, I had not half a Word,
Not half a Letter to oppose
What is objected by my Foes.

But thou art my Desert ;
And in this League, which now my Foes invade,
Thou art not only to perform thy part,
But also mine : As when the League was made,
Thou didst at once thy self endite,
And hold my Hand, while I did write.

Where-

Wherefore if thou canst fail,
 Then can thy Truth and I: But while Rocks stand,
 And Rivers stir, thou canst not shrink or quail:
 Yea, when both Rocks and all Things shall disband,
 Then shalt thou be my Rock and Tower,
 And make their Ruin praise thy Power.

Now foolish Thought go on,
 Spin out thy Thread, and make thereof a Coat
 To hide thy shame: For thou hast cast a Bone,
 Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy Throat.
 What for it self Love once began,
 Now Love and Truth will end in Man.

¶ *The Call.*

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
 Such a Way, as gives us breath:
 Such a Truth as ends all strife:
 Such a Life as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
 Such a Light, as shows a Feast:
 Such a Feast, as mends in Length:
 Such a Strength, as makes his Guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
 Such a Joy, as none can move:
 Such a Love, as none can part:
 Such a Heart, as joys in Love.

¶ *Clasping*

Lord,
 If
 Then I
 Yet to be
 So that
 And with
 Since this
 And thou
 If I wi
 I neith

Lord, I
 So mine
 I may pr
 For thou
 Not thee
 And with
 Since tho
 Yet then
 O be n
 Or ratl

Lord
 My busy
 And
 Then wi
 Th

¶ *Clasping of Hands.*

Lord, thou art mine, and I am thine,
If mine I am : And thine much more,
Then I or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be thine, doth me restore ;
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more :
Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
And thou with me dost thee restore.
If I without thee would be mine,
I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine,
So mine thou art, that something more
I may presume thee mine, than thine.
For thou didst suffer to restore
Not thee, but me, and to be mine :
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in Death wast none of thine,
Yet then as mine didst me restore.
O be mine still ! Still make me thine ;
Or rather make no Thine and Mine !

¶ *Praise.*

Lord, I will mean and speak thy Praise,
Thy Praise alone.
My busy Heart shall spin it all my days :
And when it stops for want of store,
Then will I wring it with a Sigh or Groan,
That thou may'st yet have more.

When

When thou dost favour any Action,
 It runs, it flies ;
 All things concur to give it a Perfection,
 That which had but two Legs before, (rise
 When thou dost bless, hath twelve : one Wheel doth
 To twenty then, or more.

But when thou dost on Business blow,
 It hangs, it clogs :
 Not all the Teams of *Albion* in a Row
 Can heal or draw it out of Door.
 Legs are but Stumps, and *Pharaoh's* Wheels but Logs,
 And strugling hinders more.

Thousands of things do thee employ
 In ruling all
 This spacious Globe : Angels must have their Joy,
 Devils their Rod, the Sea his Shore,
 The Winds their flint ; and yet when I did call,
 Thou heardst my Call, and more.

I have not lost one single Tear :
 But when mine Eyes
 Did weep to Heav'n, they found a Bottle there
 (As we have Boxes for the Poor)
 Ready to take them in, yet of a size
 That would contain much more.

But after thou hadst slipt a Drop
 From thy right Eye,
 (Which there did hang like Streamers near the top
 Of some fair Church, to show the sore
 And bloody Battel which thou once did'st try)
 The Glass was full and more.

Where-

Where
 O that I
 A
 That to
 B

WO
 Sorrow
 Who ch
 For w
 Among
 Sure it v
 And bot
 To fe
 But he h
 One of
 To ling
 I live
 My J

Having
 Let us
 Let the

Wherefore I sing. Yet since my heart,
 Though press'd, runs thin;
 O that I might some other Hearts convert,
 And so take up at Use good store;
 That to thy Chests there might be coming in
 Both all my Praise, and more!

¶ Joseph's Coat.

Wounded I sing, tormented I endite,
 Thrown down I fall into a Bed, and rest:
 Sorrow hath chang'd its Note: such is his will,
 Who changeth all things as him pleaseth best.
 For well he knows, if but one Grief and Smart
 Among my many had his full Career,
 Sure it would carry with it ev'n my Heart,
 And both would run until they found a Bier
 To fetch the Body; both being due to Grief.
 But he hath spoil'd the Race, and given to Anguish
 One of Joy's Coats, ticing it with Relief
 To linger in me, and together languish.
 I live to shew his Power, who once did bring
 My Joys to weep, and now my Grievs to sing.

¶ The Pulley.

W hen God at first made Man,
 Having a Glass of Blessing standing by;
 Let us (said he) pour on him all we can:
 Let the World's Riches, which dispersed lye,
 Contract into a Span.

So

So Strength first made away :
 Then Beauty flow'd, then Wisdom, Honour, Pleasure :
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone of all his Treasure
 Rest in the Bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
 Bestow this Jewel also on my Creature,
 He would adore my Gifts instead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
 So both should Losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining Restlessness :
 Let him be Rich and Weary, that at least,
 If Goodness lead him not, yet Weariness
 May toss him to my Breast.

¶ *The Priesthood.*

Blest Order which in Power dost so excel,
 That with th'one Hand thou liftest to the Sky,
 And with the other throwest down to Hell
 In thy just Censures ; fain would I draw nigh,
 Fain put thee on, exchanging my Lay-sword
 For that of the holy Word.

But thou art Fire, sacred and hallow'd Fire ;
 And I but Earth and Clay : Should I presume
 To wear thy Habit, the severe attire
 My slender Compositions might consume.
 I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
 To deal in holy Writ.

Yet

Yet have I often seen, by cunning Hand
And force of Fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched Earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,
That Earth is fittest by the Fire and Trade
Of skilful Artiffs, for the Boards of those
Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne're so great,
Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come,
So that at once both Feeder, Dish, and Meat
Have one Beginning, and one final Sum;
I do not greatly wonder at the fight,
If Earth in Earth delight.

But th' Holy Men of God such Vessels are,
As serve him up, who all the World commands:
When God vouchsafeth to become our Fare,
Their Hands convey him, who conveys their Hands;
O what pure things, most pure must those Things be,
Who bring my God to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my Hand
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
Through th' old Sins and new Doctrines of our Land.
Only, since God doth often Vessels make
Of lowly Matter for high Uses meet,
I throw me at his Feet.

There will I lie, until my Maker seek
For some mean Stuff whereon to show his Skill:
Then is my Time. The distance of the Meek
Doth flatter Power. Lest Good come short of Ill
In praising might, the Poor do by Submission,
What Pride by Opposition.

¶ The Search.

WHither, O whither art thou fled,
 My Lord, my Love?
 My Searches are my daily Bread;
 Yet never prove.

My Knees pierceth' Earth, mine Eyes the Sky:
 And yet the Sphere
 And Centre both to me deny
 That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how Herbs below
 Grow green and gay;
 As if to meet thee they did know,
 While I decay.

Yet can I mark how Stars above
 Simper and shine,
 As having Keys unto thy Love,
 While poor I pine.

I sent a Sigh to seek thee out,
 Deep drawn in Pain,
 Wing'd like an Arrow: But my Scout
 Returns in vain.

I turn'd another (having store)
 Into a Groan,
 Because the Search was dumb before:
 But all was one.

Lord, dost thou some new Fabrick mold
 Which Favour wins,
 And keeps thee present, leaving th' old
 Unto their Sins?

Where

Where is my God? What hidden place
 Conceals thee still?
 What Covert dare eclipse thy Face?
 Is it thy Will?

O let not that of any thing:
 Let rather Brass,
 Or Steel, or Mountains be thy Ring,
 And I will pass.

Thy Will such an intrenching is,
 As passeth Thought:
 To it all Strength, all Subtilties
 Are Things of nought

Thy Will such a strange distance is,
 As that to it
 East and West touch, the Poles do kiss,
 And Parallels meet.

Since then my Grief must be as large,
 As is thy Space,
 Thy distance from me; see my charge,
 Lord, see my Case.

O take these Bars, these Lengths away:
 Turn and restore me:
 Be not Almighty, let me say,
 Against but for me.

When thou dost turn, and wilt be near;
 What Edge so keen,
 What Point so piercing can appear
 To come between?

For as thy Absence doth excel
 All distance known,
 So doth my nearness bear the Bell;
 Making two one.

¶ Grief.

O Who will give me Tears? Come all ye Springs,
 Dwell in my Head and Eyes: Come Clouds and
 My Grief hath need of all the watry things, (Rain:
 That Nature hath produc'd. Let every Vein
 Suck up a River to supply mine Eyes,
 My weary weeping Eyes too dry for me.
 Unless they get new Conduits, new Supplies,
 To bare them out, and with my State agree.
 What are two shallow Fords, two little Spouts
 Of a less World? The greater is but small,
 A narrow Cupboard for my Griefs and Doubts,
 Which want Provision in the midst of all.
 Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
 For my rough Sorrows; cease, be dumb and mute,
 Give up your Feet and running to mine Eyes,
 And keep your Measures for some Lover's Lute,
 Whose Grief allows him Musick and a Rhyme:
 For mine excludes both Measure, Tune and Time.
 Alas, my God!

¶ The Cross.

What is this strange and uncouth thing!
 To make me sigh and seek, and faint and dye,
 Until I had some Place, where I might sing,
 And serve thee; and not only I,
 But all my Wealth and Family might combine
 To set thy Honour up, as our Design.

And

The CHURCH.

159

And then, when after much delay,
Much wrestling, many a Combate, this dear end,
So much desir'd, is giv'n, to take away
My Power to serve thee ; to unbend
All my Abilities, my Designs confound,
And lay my Threatnings bleeding on the Ground.

One Ague dwelleth in my Bones,
Another in my Soul (the Memory
What I would do for thee, if once my Groans
Could be allow'd for Harmony)
I am in all a weak disabled thing,
Save in the fight thereof, where Strength doth sing.

Besides, things sort not to my Will,
Ev'n when my Will doth study thy Renown :
Thou turn'st th' Edge of all things on me still,
Taking me up to throw me down :
So that, ev'n when my Hopes seem to be sped
I am to Grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my Aim, and yet to be
Fartlier from it than when I bent my Bow :
To make my Hopes my Torture, and the Fee
Of all my Woes another Woe,
Is in the midst of Delicates to need,
And ev'n in Paradise to be a Weed.

Ah my dear Father, ease my Smart !
These Contrarieties crush me ; these cross Actions
Do wind a Rope about, and cut my Heart :
And yet since these thy Contradictions
Are properly a Cross felt by thy Son,
With but four words, my words, *Thy Will be done ?*

¶ The Flower.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
 Are thy Returns ! Ev'n as the Flow'rs in Spring :
 To which, besides their own Demean,
 The late-past Frosts, Tributes of Pleasure bring:
 Grief melts away
 Like Snow in *May*,
 As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivl'd Heart
 Could have recover'd Greenness ? It was gone
 Quite under Ground, as Flow'rs depart
 To see their Mother-root, when they have blown ;
 Where they together
 All the hard Weather
 Dead to the World, keep House unknown:

These are thy Wonders, Lord of Power,
 Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to Hell
 And up to Heav'n in an Hour ;
 Making a chiming of a Passing-bell.

We say amiss,
 This or that is :
 Thy word is all, if we would spell.

O that I once past changing were ;
 Fast in thy Paradise, where no Flow'r can wither !
 Many a Spring I shot up fair,
 Off'ring at Heav'n, growing and groaning thither :
 Nor doth my Flower
 Want a Spring-shower,
 My Sins and I joyning together.

But

The CHURCH.

161

But while I grow in a straight Line:
Still upwards bent, as if Heav'n were mine own,

Thy Anger comes, and I decline:
What Frost to that? What Pole is not the Zone

Where all things burn,
When thou dost turn,
And the least Frown of thine is shown?

And now in Age I bud again,
After so many Deaths I live and write,
I once more smell the Dew and Rain,
And relish versing. O my only Light,
It cannot be

That I am he,
On whom thy Tempests fell all Night.

These are thy Wonders, Lord of Love,
To make us see we are but Flow'rs that glide:

Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a Garden for us, where to bide.

Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their Pride.

¶ Dotage.

False glosing Pleasures, Casks of Happiness,
Foolish Night-fires, Womens and Childrens
Chases in Arras, gilded Emptiness,
Shadows well mounted, Dreams in a Career,
Embroider'd Lyes, nothing between two Dishes;
These are the Pleasures here.

True earnest Sorrows, rooted Miseries,
Anguish in Grain, Vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed Grievs, solid Calamities,
Plain Demonstrations, evident and clear,
Touching their Proofs ev'n from the very Bone;
These are the Sorrows here.

But O the Folly of distracted Men,
 Who Griefs in earnest, Joys in jest pursue;
 Preferring, like brute Breasts, a loathsome Den
 Before a Court, ev'n that above so clear,
 Where are no Sorrows, but Delights more true
 Than Miseries are here!

¶ *The Son.*

LET Foreign Nations of their Language boast,
 What fine Variety each Tongue affords:
 I like our Language, as our Men and Coast:
 Who cannot dress it well, want Wit, not Words.
 How neatly do we give the only Name
 To Parents Issue and the Suns bright Star!
 A Son is Light and Fruit; a fruitful Flame
 Chasing the Father's Dimness, carry'd far
 From the first Man in th' East, to fresh and new
 Western Discoveries of Posterity.
 So in one word, our Lord's Humility
 We turn upon him in a sense most true:
 For what Christ once in Humbleness began,
 We him in Glory call, *The Son of Man.*

¶ *A true Hymn.*

MY Joy, my Life, my Crown!
 My Heart was meaning all the day,
 Somewhat it fain would say:
 And still it runneth mut'ring up and down
 With only this, *My Joy, my Life, my Crown!*

Yet

Yet slight not these few words ;
If truly said, they may take part
Among the best in Art.
The Fineness which a Hymn or Psalm affords,
Is, when the Soul unto the Lines accords.

He who craves all the Mind,
And all the Soul, and Strength, and Time,
If the words only rhyme,
Justly complains, that somewhat is behind
To make his Verse, or write a Hymn in kind.

Whereas if the Heart be mov'd,
Although the Verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supply the Want :
As when th' Heart says (sighing to be approv'd)
O, could I love ! and stops ; God writeth, *Love'd.*

¶ *The Answer.*

MY Comforts drop and melt away like Snow :
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
Which my fierce Youth did bandy, fall and flow
Like Leaves about me, or like Summer-Friends,
Flies of Estates, and Sunshine. But to all
Who think me eager, hot and undertaking,
But in my Prosecutions slack and small ;
As a young Exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his first Bed of Dirt, and means the Sky ;
But cooling by the way, grows purfy and flow,
And settling to a Cloud, doth live and die
In that dark State of Tears : To all, that so
Show me, and set me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the rest, know more than I.

¶ *Dia-*

¶ Dialogue-Anthem.

Christian.

Death.

Chr. **A** Las poor Death ! where is thy Glory ?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting ?

Dea. *Alas, poor Mortal, void of Story !*
Go spell and read how I have kill'd thy King.

Chr. Poor Death ! and who was hurt thereby ?
Thy Curse being laid on him makes thee accurst.

Dea. *Let Losers talk, yet thou shalt die ;* (worst-
These Arms shall crush thee. Chr. Spare not, do thy
I shall be one day better than before :
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

¶ The Water-Course.

THou who dost dwell and linger here below,
Since the Condition of this World is frail,
Where of all Plants, Affliction soonest grow :
If Troubles overtake thee, do not wail :

For who can look for less, that loveth { Life ?
Strife ?

But rather turn the Pipe and Waters-Course
To serve thy Sins, and furnish thee with store
Of sov'reign Tears, springing from true Remorse ;
That so in Pureness thou mayst him adore,

Who gives to Man, as he sees fit, { Salvation.
{ Damnation:

¶ Self-

¶ Self-Condernnation.

THou who condemnest Jewish hate,
For chusing *Ravabbas* a Murderer
Before the Lord of Glory :

Look back upon thine own Estate,
Call home thine Eye (that busy Wanderer)
That Choice may be thy Story.

He that doth love, and love amiss,
This World's Delights before true Christian Joy,
Hath made a Jewish Choice :

The World an ancient Murderer is ;
Thousands of Souls it hath and doth destroy
With her enchanting Voice.

He that hath made a sorry Wedding
Between his Soul and Gold, and hath preferr'd
False Gain before the true,

Hath done what he condemns in reading :
For he hath sold for Money his dear Lord,
And is a *Judas-Few*.

Thus we prevent the last great day,
And judge our selves. That Light which Sin and
Did before dim and choak, (Passion
When once those Snuffs are ta'n away,
Shines bright and clear, ev'n unto Condemnation,
Without Excuse or Cloak.

¶ Bitter-Sweet.

AH my dear angry Lord !
Since thou dost love, yet strike ;
Cast down, yet help afford ;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise :
 I will bewail, approve :
 And all my fowr-sweet Days
 I will lament, and love.

¶ *The Glance.*

When first thy sweet and gracious Eye
 Vouchsaf'd even in the midst of Youth and Night
 To look upon me, who before did lie
 Weltring in Sin :

I felt a sugar'd strange Delight,
 Passing all Cordials made by any Art,
 Bedew, embalm, and over-run my Heart,
 And take it in :

Since that time many a bitter Storm
 My Soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy,
 Had the malicious, and ill-meaning Harm
 His swing and sway :

But still thy sweet original Joy,
 Sprung from thine Eye, did work within my Soul,
 And surging Griefs, when they grew bold, controul,
 And got the day.

If thy first Glance so powerful be,
 A Mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again ;
 What Wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
 Thy full-ey'd Love !

When thou shalt look us out of Pain,
 And one Aspect of thine spend in Delight
 More than a thousand Suns disburse in Light
 In Heav'n above !

¶ The 23d Psalm:

THE God of Love my Shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed.
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need ?

He leads me to the tender Grass;
Where I both feed and rest ;
Then to the Streams that gently pass :
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my Mind in frame :
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy Name.

Yea, In Death's shady black Abode
Well may I walk, not fear :
For thou art with me, and thy Rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine,
Ev'n in my En'mies sight ;
My Head with Oyl, my Cup with Wine
Runs over Day and Night.

Surely thy sweet and wond'rous Love
Shall measure all my Days :
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my Praise.

¶ Mary

¶ *Mary Magdalen.*

When blessed *Mary* wip'd her Saviour's Feet,
 (Whose Précepts she had trampled on before)
 And wore them for a Jewel on her Head :
 Shewing his Steps should be the Street,
 Wherein she henceforth evermore
 With pensive Humbleness would live and tread :
 She being stain'd her self, why did she strive
 To make him clean, who could not be defil'd ?
 Why kept she not her Tears for her own Faults,
 And not his Feet ? Though we could dive
 In Tears like Seas, our Sins are pil'd
 Deeper than they, in words, and works, and thoughts.
 Dear Soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deign
 To bear her Filth ; and that her Sins did dash
 Ev'n God himself : Wherefore she was not loth,
 As she had brought wherewith to stain,
 So to bring in wherewith to wash :
 And yet in washing one, she washeth both.

¶ *Aaron.*

Holiness on the Head
 Light and Perfections on the Breast,
 Harmonious Bells below, raising the Dead,
 To lead them unto Life and Rest ;
 Thus are true *Aarons* drest.
 Profaneness in my Head,
 Defects and Darkness in my Breast,
 A noise of Passions ringing me for dead
 Unto a Place where is no rest ;
 Poor Priest thus am I drest.

Only

I ha
Anoth
With

My a
My only
That

Perfe
My Do
But l

H Ov
A

So dot
An orien
With th
My M

What
This Bro
My Maste
My Ser

That the
To some

Only another Head

I have, another Heart and Breast,
Another Musick, making live, not dead,
Without whom I could have no rest,
In him I am well drest.

Christ is my only Head,
My alone only Heart and Breast,
My only Musick, striking me e'en dead :
That to the old Man I may rest,
And be in him new drest.

So holy in my Head,
Perfect and light in my dear Breast,
My Doctrine tun'd by Christ, (who is not dead;
But lives in me while I do rest)
Come People, Aaron's drest.

¶ The Odour. 2 Cor. 2.

How sweetly doth *My Master* sound, *My Master!*
As Ambergrice leaves a rich Scent
Unto the Taster :

So doth these Words a sweet Content,
An oriental Fragrancy, *My Master.*

With these all day I do perfume my mind,
My Mind ev'n thrust into them both ;
That I might find

What Cordials make this curious Broth,
This Broth of smells, that feeds and fats my mind.

My Master, shall I speak ? O that to thee
My Servant were a little so,
As Flesh may be :

That these two Words might creep and grow
To some degree of Spiciness unto thee !

Then

Then should the Pomander, which was before
A speaking Sweet, mend by Reflection,
And tell me more :

For pardon of my Imperfection
Would warm and work it sweeter than before;

For when *My Master*, which alone is sweet,
And ev'n in my Unworthiness pleasing,
Shall call and meet,

My Servant, as thee not displealing ;
That Call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This Breathing would with Gains by sweetning me
(As sweet Things traffick when they meet)

Return to thee,

And so this new Commerce and sweet
Should all my Life employ and busy me.

¶ The Foil.

IF we could see below
The Sphere, of Vertue, and each shining Grace
As plainly as that above doth show ;
This were the better Sky, the brighter Place.
God hath made Stars the foil
To set off Vertues, Grievs to set off sinning ;
Yet in this wretched World we toil,
As if Grief were not foul, nor Vertue winning.

¶ The Forerunners.

THE Harbingers are come. See, see their Mark
White is their colour, and behold my Head.
But must they have my Brain? must they dispart
Those sparkling Notions, which therein were bred?
Must dulness turn me to a Clod?
Yet have they left me, *Thou art still my God.*

Good,

Good
Ev'n a
I pass
So, T
He v
And if

Farewe
But wi
Of Ste
Then d
Brou
My Go

Lovely
Honey
Hath fo
And wi
Fy, th
And hun

Let fool
With Ca
Let Foll
True Be
But bo
Beauty a

Yet, if y
For, thou
Perhaps
Go Birds
Let a b
So all wit

The CHURCH.

171

Good Men ye be, to leave me my best Room,
Ev'n all my Heart, and what is lodged there :
I pass not, I, what of the rest become,
So, *Thou art still my God*, be out of fear.

He will be pleas'd with that ditty ;
And if I please him, I write fine and witty.

Farewel sweet Phrases, lovely Metaphors :
But will you leave me thus ? when ye before
Of Stews and Brothels only knew the Doors,
Then did I wash you with my Tears, and more,
Brought you to Church well drest, and clad :
My God must have my best, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting Language, Sugar-cane,
Honey of Roses, whither wilt thou fly ?
Hath some fond Lover tic'd thee to thy bane ?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a Stry ?
Fy, thou wilt soil thy broider'd Coat,
And hurt thy self, and him that sings the Note.

Let foolish Lovers, if they will love Dung,
With Canvas, not with Arras, clothe their Shame :
Let Folly speak in her own native Tongue.
True Beauty dwells on high : Ours is a Flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beauty and beauteous Words should go together.

Yet, if you go, I pass not ; take your way :
For, *thou art still my God*, is all that ye
Perhaps with more Imbellishment can say.
Go Birds of Spring : Let Winter have his Fee ;
Let a bleak Paleness chalk the Door,
So all within be livelier than before,

¶ The

¶ *The Rose.*

PRefs me not to take more Pleasure
 In this World of sugar'd lies,
 And to use a larger Measure
 Than my strict, yet welcome Size.

First, there is no Pleasure here :
 Colour'd Grievs indeed there are,
 Blushing Woes, that look as clear,
 As if they could Beauty spare.

Or if such Deceits there be,
 Such Delights I meant to say ;
 There are no such things to me,
 Who have pass'd my right away.

But I will not much oppose
 Unto what you now advise :
 Only take this gentle Rose,
 And therein my Answer lies.

What is fairer than a Rose ?
 What is sweeter ; yet it purgeth.
 Purgings enmity disclose,
 Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all that Worldlings prize
 Be contracted to a Rose ;
 Sweetly there indeed it lies,
 But it biteth in the Close.

So this Flower doth judge and sentence
 Worldly Joys to be a scourge :
 For they all produce Repentance,
 And Repentance is a Purge.

But

But I H
 Say tha
 F

T Hr
 T

Take th
 For my
 Unto th

To a fu
 Not a W
 I affect

And thy
 Though
 Though

To the T
 Then let
 Love wi

Stony He
 Love is f
 Love's a

And can

But I Health, not Physick chuse :
 Only though I you oppose,
 Say that fairly I refuse,
 For my Answer is a Rose.

¶ *Discipline.*

THrow away thy Rod,
 Throw away thy Wrath.

O my God,
 Take the gentle Path.

For my Heart's desire
 Unto thine is bent :

I aspire
 To a full Consent.

Not a Word or Look
 I affect to own,

But by Book,
 And thy Book alone.

Though I fail, I weep :
 Though I halt in pace,

Yet I creep
 To the Throne of Grace.

Then let Wrath remove,
 Love will do the Deed :

For with Love
 Stony Hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of Foot ;
 Love's a Man of War,

And can shoot,
 And can hit from far.

But

Who

Who can 'scape his Bow ?
 That which wrought on thee,
 Brought thee low,
 Needs must work on me :

Throw away thy Rod ;
 Though Man Frailties hath,
 Thou art God :
 Throw away thy wrath.

¶ *The Invitation.*

Come ye hither, all whose taste
 Is your waste ;
 Save your Cost and mend your Fare.
 God is here prepar'd and drest,
 And the Feast,
 God, in whom all Dainties are.
 Come ye hither all whom Wine
 Doth define,
 Naming you not to your good :
 Weep what ye have drunk amiss,
 And drink this,
 Which before you drink is Blood.
 Come ye thither all whom Pain
 Doth arraign,
 Bringing all your Sins to fight :
 Taste and fear not : God is here
 In this Cheer,
 And on Sin doth cast the fright.
 Come ye hither all whom Joy
 Doth destroy,
 While ye graze without your Bounds :
 Here is Joy that drowneth quite
 Your Delight,
 As a Flood the lower Grounds.

Come

Come

And ex
 Here is

After I

Lord, I

Still in
 For it f

Where

WE
 With m
 For thy

Passeth

O what

Such as
 Is some

As we S

Or hath

To subd
 Flow'rs,

Left the

The CHURCH.

175

Come ye hither all whose Love
Is your Dove,
And exalts you to the Sky:
Here is Love, which having Breath,
Ev'n in Death,
After Death can never die.

Lord, I have invited all,
And I shall
Still invite, still call to thee:
For it seems but just and right
In my sight,
Where is all, there all should be.

¶ The Banquet.

Welcome sweet and sacred Cheer,
Welcome dear,
With me, in me, live and dwell:
For thy Neatness passeth sight,
Thy Delight
Passeth Tongue to taste or tell,

O what sweetness from the Bowl
Fills my Soul,
Such as is, and makes Divine!
Is some Star (fled from the Sphere)
Melted there,
As we Sugar melt in Wine?

Or hath sweetness in the Bread
Made a Head
To subdue the smell of Sin,
Flow'rs, and Gums, and Powders giving
All their Living,
Left the Enemy should win?

Doubt,

Doubtless neither Star nor Flower
Hath the Power

Such a Sweetness to impart ;
Only God who gives Perfumes,
Flesh assumes,
And with it perfumes my Heart.

But as Pomanders and Wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruise'd are better scented ;
God, to shew how far his Love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is presented.

When I had forgot my Birth,
And on Earth
In Delights of each was drown'd ;
God took Blood, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And so found me on the Ground.

Having rais'd me to look up,
In a Cup
Sweetly he doth meet my taste ;
But I still being low and short,
Far from Court,
Wine becomes a Wing at last.

For with it alone I fly
To the Sky :
Where I wipe mine Eyes and see
What I seek, for what Issue ;
Him I view,
Who hath done so much for me.

Let the

And take
Hearken

Strive in

And with

Of all th

This by

Or say,

Compari

Of all Go

Souls

Because

And I

Yet whe

And in

But le

Let the wonder of this Pity
Be my Ditty,
And take up my Lines and Life :
Hearken under pain of Death,
Hands and Breath,
Strive in this, and love the Strife.

¶ The Posy.

LET Wits contest,
And with their Words and Posies Windows fill :
Less than the least
Of all thy Mercies, is my Posy still :

This on my Ring,
This by my Picture in my Book I write.
Whether I sing,
Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention rest,
Comparisons go play, Wit use thy will :
Less than the least
Of all God's Mercies, is my Posy still.

¶ A Parody.

Souls Joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Because thou dost abide with me,
And I depend on thee ;

Yet when thou dost suppress
The Chearfulness
Of thy abode,
And in my Power not stir abroad,
But leave me to my load :

O what a Damp and Shade
Doth me invade !
No stormy Night
Can so afflict, or so affright,
As thy eclipsed Light.

Ah Lord ! do not withdraw,
Lest want of Aw
Make Sin appear ;
And then thou dost but shine less clear,
Say that thou art not here.

And when what Life I have,
While Sin doth rave,
And falsely boast,
That I may seek, but thou art lost ;
Thou and alone thou know'st.

O what a deadly Cold
Doth me infold !
I half believe
That Sin says true : But while I grieve,
Thou com'st and dost relieve.

¶ The Elixir.

TEach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee :

Not rudely as a Beast,
To run into an action ;
But still to make thee prepossest ;
And give it his Perfection.

A Ma
On it
Or if h
And

All m
Nothi
Which v
Will

A Ser
Makes
Who fw
Makes

This i
That
For that
Cannot

A Wr
Of
I give to
My crook
Wherein
Straight a
To thee,
Than Dec
Give me
So live an
Know the
For this p

A Man that looks on Glafs,
On it may stay his Eye ;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass.
And then the Heav'n spy.

All may of thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his Tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A Servant with this Clause
Makes Drudgery divine :
Who sweeps a Room, as for thy Laws,
Makes that and th' Action fine.

This is the famous Stone,
That turneth all to Gold :
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told.

¶ *A Wreath.*

A Wreathed Garland of deserved Praise,
Of Praise deserved unto thee I give,
I give to thee who knowest all my Ways,
My crooked winding Ways wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live ; for Life is straight,
Straight as a Line, and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more far above Deceit,
Than Deceit seems above Simplicity.
Give me Simplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy Ways,
Know them and practise them ; then shall I give
For this poor Wreath, give thee a Crown of Praise.

I

¶ *Death.*

¶ *Death.*

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous
 Nothing but Bones, (thing,
 The sad Effect of sadder Groans :
 Thy Mouth was open, but thou could'st not sing.

For we consider'd thee, as at some fix
 Or ten Years hence,
 After the Loss of Life and Sense,
 Flesh being turn'd to Dust, and Bones to Sticks.

We lookt on this side of thee, shooting short ;
 Where we did find
 The Shells of fledge Souls left behind,
 Dry Dust, which sheds no Tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviour's Death did put some Blood
 Into thy Face,
 Thou art grown fair and full of Grace,
 Much in request, much sought for as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
 As at Dooms-day ;
 When Souls shall wear their new Array,
 And all thy Bones with Beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
 Half that we have
 Unto an honest faithful Grave ;
 Making our Pillows either Down or Dust.

¶ *Dooms-*

Summo
 Till it f
 While t
 Each on

Dust, al
 But thy
 As pecul
 Cure Ta

Let the C
 Left at le
 Flethes St
 Read tha

Some to V
 And in th
 Some in r
 To a Plag

Man is ou
 Parcell'd o
 Lord, thy
 And the M

¶ Doo^ms-day.

Come away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the Dust to rise,
Till it stir, and rub the Eyes;
While this Member jogs the other,
Each one whisp'ring, *Live you, Brother?*

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no Musick feels
But thy Trumpet: Then it kneels,
As peculiar Notes and Strains
Cure Tarantulaes raging Pains.

Come away,
O make no stay!
Let the Graves make their Confession,
Lest at length they plead Possession:
Fleſhes Stubbornneſs may have
Read that Leſion to the Grave.

Come away,
Thy Stock doth stray.
Some to Winds their Body lend,
And in them may drown a Friend:
Some in noiſome Vapours grow
To a Plague and publick Woe.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the World.
Lord, thy Broken Conſort raiſe,
And the Muſick ſhall be praiſe.

¶ Judgment.

A Almighty Judge, how shall poor Wretches brook
 Thy dreadful look,
 Abie an Heart of Iron to appall,
 When thou shalt call
 For every Man's peculiar Book?

What others mean to do, I know not well;
 Yet I here tell,
 That some will turn thee to some leaves therein
 So void of sin,
 That they in Merit shall excel.

But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine,
 That to decline,
 And thrust a Testament into thy Hand.
 Let that be scann'd:
 There thou shalt find my Faults are thine.

¶ Heav'n.

O Who will shew me those Delights on high?
Echo. *I.*
 Thou Echo, thou art mortal, all Men know.
Echo. *No.*
 Wert thou not born among the Trees and Leaves?
Echo. *Leaves.*
 And are there any Leaves that still abide?
Echo. *Bide.*
 What Leaves are they? Impart the Matter wholly.
Echo. *Holy.*
 Are holy Leaves the Echo then of Bliss?
Echo. *Yes.*
 Then tell me, What is that supreme Delight?
Echo. *Light.*
 Light to the Mind: What shall the Will enjoy?
Echo. *Joy.*

But

The CHURCH.

183

But are there Cares and Business with the Pleasure ?

Echo.

Leisure.

Light Joy and Leisure ; but shall they persevere ?

Echo.

Ever.

¶ *Love.*

Love bad me welcome : Yet my Soul drew back,
Guilty of Dust and Sin.

But quick-ey'd Love observing me grow slack

From my first Entrance in,

Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,

If I lack'd any thing.

A Guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here :

Love said, you shall be he.

I the unkind, ungrateful ? Ah my Dear,

I cannot look on thee.

Love took my Hand, and smiling did reply,

Who made the Eyes but I ?

Truth Lord ; but I have marr'd them ; let my shame

Go where it doth deserve.

And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame ?

My Dear then I will serve.

You must sit down, says Love, and taste my Meat :

So I did sit and eat.

Glory be to God on high, and on Earth

Peace, good Will towards Men.

T H E CHURCH MILITANT.

A Lmighty Lord, who from thy glorious Throne
 Seest and rulest all things ev'n as one :
 The smallest Ant or Atom knows thy Power,
 Known also to each Minute of a Hour :
 Much more do Common-wealths acknowledge thee,
 And wrap their Policies in thy Decree,
 Complying with thy Counsels, doing nought
 Which doth not meet with an eternal Thought.
 But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove
 Not the Decrees of Power, but Bands of Love.
 Early didst thou arise to plant this Vine,
 Which might the more endear it to be thine.
 Spices come from the East; so did thy Spouse,
 Trim as the Light, sweet as the laden Boughs
 Of *Noah's* shady Vine, chaste as the Dove,
 Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy Love.
 The Course was westward, that the Sun might light
 As well our Understanding as our Sight.
 Where th' Ark did rest, there *Abraham* began
 To bring the other Ark from *Canaan*.
Moses pursu'd this : But King *Solomon*
 Finish'd and fixt the old Religion.
 When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain
 By nailing Christ to fasten it again.
 But to the Gentiles he bore Cross and all,
 Rending with Earthquakes the Partition-Wall :
 Only whereas the Ark in Glory shone.
 Now with the Cross, as with a Staff alone,
 Religion like a Pilgrim, westward bent,

Knock-

The

Knock-

Yet as

Lifens

'Till al

Letting

Among

'Till bo

To *Egy*

Wonde

The ten

Than th

Holy *M*

Made *P*

Gessen v

Nilus fo

Such *P*

For thir

How dea

Religion

Gave he

Learning

Sophiste

Plato an

And wh

Prayers

And *Erg*

Though

And *Rom*

And spen

Before th

Religion

Who, th

The War

But seem

Wounds

Who by a

The CHURCH MILITANT. 185

Knocking at all Doors, ever as she went.
Yet as the Sun, though forward be his Flight,
Listens behind him, and allows some Light,
'Till all depart: So went the Church her way,
Letting, while one Foot stept, the other stay
Among the Eastern Nations for a time,
'Till both removed to the Western Clime,
To *Egypt* first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of Anger once, but now of Love.
The ten Commandments there did flourish more
Than the ten bitter Plagues had done before.
Holy *Macarius* and great *Anthony*
Made *Pharaoh Moses*, changing th' History.
Gessen was Darknefs, *Egypt* full of Lights,
Nilus for Monsters brought forth *Israelites*.
Such Power hath mighty Baptism to produce
For things mishapen, things of highest use.
How dear to me, O God, thy Counsels are!

Who may with thee compare!

Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where Arts
Gave her the highest Place in all Mens Hearts.
Learning was pos'd, Philosophy was set,
Sophisters taken in a Fishers Net.
Plato and *Aristotle* were at a loss,
And wheel'd about again to spell *Christ's Cross*.
Prayers chas'd Syllogisms into their Den,
And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.
Though *Greece* took Horse as soon as *Egypt* did,
And *Rome* as both, yet *Egypt* faster rid,
And spent her Period and prefixed Time
Before the other. *Greece* being past her Prime,
Religion went to *Rome*, subduing those,
Who, that they might subdue, made all their Foes.
The Warriour his dear Scars no more resounds,
But seems to yield *Christ* hath the greater Wounds;
Wounds willingly endur'd to work his Blifs,
Who by an Ambush lost his Paradise.

186 *The CHURCH MILITANT.*

The great Heart sloop, and taketh from the Dust
 A sad Repentance, not the Spoils of Lust:
 Quitting his Spear, lest it should pierce again
 Him in his Members, who for him was slain.
 The Shepherds Hook grew to a Scepter here,
 Giving new Names and Numbers to the Year.
 But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece* to comfort them,
 Who were cut short in *Alexander's* Stem.
 In both of these Prowess and Arts did tame
 And tune Mens Hearts against the Gospel came:
 Which using, and not fearing Skill in th' one,
 Or Strength in th' other, did erect her Throne.
 Many a rent and struggling th' Empire knew,
 As dying things are wont, until it flew
 At length to *Germany*, still Westward bending,
 And there the Churches Festival attending:
 That as before Empire and Arts made way,
 For no less Harbingers would serve than they:
 So they might still, and point us out the place (Face.
 Where first the Church should raise her down-cast
 Strength levels Grounds, Art makes a Garden there;
 Then show'rs Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire shar'd with *Germany*,
 But *England* in the higher Victory:
 Giving the Church a Crown to keep her State,
 And not go less than she had done of late.
Constantine's British Line meant this of old,
 And did this Mystery wrap up and fold
 Within a Sheet of Paper, which was rent
 From Time's great Chronicle, and hither sent.
 Thus both the Church and Sun together ran
 Unto the farthest old Meridian.
How dear to me, O God, thy Counsels are!

Who may with thee compare?

Much about one and the same Time and Place,
 Both where and when the Church began her Race,

Sin

The C

Sin did
 And tr
 He chi
 Breaki
 At fir
 Garden
 Fresh a
 Who fo
 Ah, w
 Adoring
 Beggin
 Starvin
 Who m
 If God
 What V
 Whose
 None v
 In us t
 Thus S
 His hig
 And suc
 And be
 He left
 To mak
 Here S
 Rich Sh
 He grev
 As well
 Nay, he
 His Pill
 The W
 To this
 But all
 Where t
 To cred
 Who aft

The CHURCH MILITANT. 187

Sin did set out of Eastern *Babylon*,
 And travell'd Westward also; journeying on
 He chid the Church away, where e're he came,
 Breaking her Peace, and tainting her good Name.
 At first he got to *Egypt*, and did sow
 Gardens of Gods, which ev'ry Year did grow,
 Fresh and fine Deities. They were at great cost,
 Who for a God clearly a Sallet lost.
 Ah, what a thing is Man devoid of Grace,
 Adoring Garlick with an humble Face,
 Begging his Food of that which he may eat,
 Starving the while, he worshippeth his Meat!
 Who makes a Root his God, how low is he,
 If God and Man be sever'd infinitely!
 What Wretchedness can give him any room,
 Whose House is foul, while he adores his Broom?
 None will believe this now, though Money be
 In us the same transplanted Foolery.
 Thus Sin in *Egypt* sneaked for a while;
 His highest was an Ox or Crocodile,
 And such poor Game. Thence he to *Greece* doth pass;
 And being craftier much than Goodness was,
 He left behind him Garrisons of Sins,
 To make good that which ev'ry Day he wins.
 Here Sin took heart, and for a Garden-bed
 Rich Shrines and Oracles he purchased:
 He grew a Gallant, and would needs foretel
 As well what should befall as what befall.
 Nay, he became a Poet, and would serve
 His Pills of Sublimate in that Conserve.
 The World came both with Hands and Purfes full
 To this great Lottery, and all would pull.
 But all was glorious Cheating, brave Deceit,
 Where some poor Truths were shuffled for a Bair,
 To credit him, and to discredit those,
 Who after him should braver Truths disclose.

188 *The CHURCH MILITANT.*

From *Greece* he went to *Rome*; and as before
 He was a God, now he's an Emperor.
Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
 Put him in trust to rule the *Roman Sphere*.
 Glory was his chief Instrument of old:
 Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold,
 Which soon was blown to such a mighty Flame,
 That though our Saviour did destroy the Game,
 Disparking Oracles, and all their Treasure,
 Setting Affliction to encounter Pleasure;
 Yet did a Rogue with hope of Carnal Joy,
 Cheat the most subtil Nations. Who so Coy,
 So trim, as *Greece* and *Egypt*? Yet their Hearts
 Are given over, for their curious Arts,
 To such *Mahometan* Stupidities,
 As the old Heathen would deem Prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, thy Counsels are!

Who may with thee compare?

Only the West and *Rome* do keep them free
 From this contagious Infidelity.
 And this is all the Rock whereof they boast,
 As *Rome* will one day find unto her cost.
 Sin being not able to extirpate quite
 The Churches here, bravely resolv'd one Night
 To be a Church-man too, and wear a Mitre:
 The old debauched Ruffian would turn Writer.
 I saw him in his Study where he sate
 Busy in Controversies sprung of late.
 A Gown and Pen became him wondrous well:
 His grave Aspect had more of Heav'n than Hell:
 Only there was a handsome Picture by,
 To which he lent a Corner of his Eye.
 As Sin in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
 And in old *Rome* a mighty Emperor;
 So now being Priest he plainly did profess
 To make a Jest of Christ's three Offices:

The

The CHURCH MILITANT. 189

The rather since his scatter'd Juglings were
United now in one, both Time and Sphere,
From *Egypt* he took petty Deities,
From *Greece* oracular Infallibilities,
And from old *Rome* the Liberty of Pleasure,
By free Dispensings of the Churches Treasure.
Then in Memorial of his antient Throne,
He did surname his Palace *Babylon*.
Yet that he might the better gain all Nations,
And make that Name good by their Transmigrations;
From all these Places, but at divers times,
He took fine Vizards to conceal his Crimes:
From *Egypt* Anchorism and Retiredness:
Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* Statelinefs:
And blending these he carry'd all Mens Eyes,
While Truth sate by counting his Victories:
Whereby he grew apace, and scorn'd to use
Such Force as once did captivate the Jews;
But did bewitch, and finely work each Nation
Into a voluntary Transmigration.
All post to *Rome*: Princes submit their Necks
Either t'his publick Foot or private Tricks.
It did not fit his Gravity to stir,
Nor his long Journey, nor his Gout and Fur.
Therefore he sent out able Ministers,
Statesmen within, without doors Cloisterers:
Who without Spear or Sword, or other Drum,
Than what was in their Tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd did so strangely rule,
That the whole World did seem but the Pope's Mule,
As new and old *Rome* did one Empire twist:
So both together are one Antichrist;
Yet with two Faces, as their *Janus* was,
Being in this their old crack'd Looking-glass.
How dear to me, O God, thy Counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?

Thus

Thus Sin triumphs in Western *Babylon* ;
 Yet not as Sin, but as Religion.
 Of his Two Thrones he made the latter best,
 And to defray his Journey from the East.
 Old and new *Babylon* are to Hell and Night,
 As is the Sun and Moon to Heav'n and Light.
 When th' one did set the other did take place,
 Confronting equally the Law and Grace.
 They are Hell's Land-marks, Satan's double Crest :
 They are Sin's Nipples, feeding th' East and West.
 But as in Vice the Copy still exceeds
 The Pattern, but not so in virtuous Deeds ;
 So though Sin made his latter Seat the better,
 The latter Church is to the first a Debtor.
 The second Temple could not reach the first :
 And the late Reformation never durst
 Compare with antient Times and purer Years ;
 But in the Jews and us deserveth Tears.
 Nay, it shall ev'ry Year decrease and fade ;
 'Till such a Darknefs do the World invade
 At Christ's last coming as his first did find :
 Yet must there such Proportions be assign'd
 To these Diminishings as is between
 The spacious World and *Fury* to be seen.
 Religion stands on Tiptoe in our Land,
 Ready to pass to the *American Strand*.
 When Height of Malice and prodigious Lusts,
 Impudent Sinning, Witchcrafts and Distrusts,
 The Marks of future Bane, shall fill our Cup
 Unto the Brim, and make our Measure up ;
 When *Sein* shall swallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*,
 By letting in them both, pollutes her Streams :
 When *Italy* of us shall have her Will,
 And all her Kalendar of Sins fulfil ;
 Whereby one may foretel what Sins next Year
 Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer :

Then

The
 Then
 They
 My G
 By ca
 For C
 Relig
 We t
 We a
 Thou
 To pa
 To go
 But l
 Yet a
 So Sin
 They
 Both
 And v
 Usher
 Spain
 The C
 That
 And
 Judgm
 Thus
 Light
 Thus
 The C
 But as
 So al
 Still
 To T
 How a

The CHURCH MILITANT. 191

Then shall Religion to *America* flee :
 They have their Times of Gospel ev'n as we.
 My God, thou dost prepare for them a Way,
 By carrying first their Gold from them away :
 For Gold and Grace did never yet agree :
 Religion always sides with Poverty.
 We think we rob them, but we think amiss :
 We are more poor, and they more rich by this.
 Thou wilt revenge their Quarrel, making Grace
 To pay our Debts, and leave our ancient Place
 To go to them, while that, which now their Nation
 But lends to us, shall be our Desolation.
 Yet as the Church shall thither Westward fly,
 So Sin shall trace and dog her instantly :
 They have their Period also and set Times
 Both for their vertuous Actions and their Crimes.
 And where of old the Empire and the Arts
 Usher'd the Gospel ever in Men's Hearts,
Spain hath done one ; when Arts perform the other
 The Church shall come, and Sin the Church shall smoo-
 That when they have accomplished the Round, (ther :
 And met in th' East, their first and ancient Sound,
 Judgment may meet them both & search them round.
 Thus do both Lights, as well in Church as Sun,
 Light one another, and together run.
 Thus also Sin and Darknes follow still
 The Church and Sun with all their Power and Skill.
 But as the Sun still goes both West and East :
 So also did the Church by going West
 Still Eastward go ; because it drew more near
 To Time and Place where Judgment shall appear.
*How dear to me, O God, thy Counsels are !
 Who may with thee compare ?*

¶ L'En-

¶ *L'Envoy.*

K *ing of Glory, King of Peace,*
With the one make Wars to cease ;
With the other bleſs thy Sheep,
Thee to Love, in thee to Sleep.
Let not Sin devour thy Fold,
Bragging that thy Blood is cold,
That thy Death is alſo dead,
While his Conqueſts daily ſpread ;
That thy Fleſh hath loſt his Food,
And thy Croſs is common Wood.
Choke him, let him ſay no more,
But reſerve his Breath in ſtore,
Till thy Conqueſt and his Fall
Make his Sighs to uſe it all,
And then bargain with the Wind
To diſcharge what is behind.

*Bleſſed be God alone,
Thrice bleſſed Three in One.*

20 MA 59

F I N I S.

A
East
Abſtinence
Abuſe of
Abuſive
Account,
Action.
Glory
Active Sp
Adoration
Affliction
be griev
is to be
carry o
Chriſtian
helpeth
Affliction
Trees 12
all our A
Chriſt b
Alms, the
13, 9, 8

A TABLE.

A.

- A** *Aron's Garments should be still worn by Ministers*
 Page 168, Line 19
- Abraham brought Religion with him from the*
East 184, 19
- Abstinence, how profitable* 79, 7
- Abuse of things taketh not away their use* 79, 16
- Abusiveness, the scum of Wit* 8, 29. 9, 1
- Account, see Rules*
- Action. The Glory of an Action is, to do it for God's*
Glory 178, 21
- Active Spirits only Live* 12, 13. 71, 3
- Adoration of Saints, why unlawful* 70, 1
- Affliction succeedeth Prosperity* 38, 25, &c. *it is not to*
be grieved for 164, 11. *or rather Grief for Affliction*
is to be turned into Grief for Sin 164, 17. *how to*
carry our selves therein 40, 7. *it is Advantage to a*
Christian 35, 90, 7. 124, 25. *Affliction's Chaldron*
helpeth to supple the Heart 122, 17—29. 123, 1.
- Affliction to Christians, like the pruning Knife to*
Trees 126, 2. *Afflictions compared to Moles* 119, 1.
- all our Afflictions nothing to Christ's Sufferings* 53, 26.
- Christ hath his part in our Afflictions* 64, 27. 65, 7. 89, 28
- Alms, the most thriving Trade* 89, 3. *Motives thereunto*
 13, 9, &c. *see Rules.*

Altar

A T A B L E.

Altar, see Gods.

*America's Conversion calculated 190, 25. Their part-
ing with their Gold prepareth them for the Gospel,
Page 191. Line 3.*

Anagram of J E S U 105, 9. of M A R Y 69, 15

Anchorism, whence 189, 13

Angels, held with Joy; Man recovered with Grief 90, 1

Both have great Cause to praise God 85, 7, &c.

Angry Men give Advantage to their Adversaries, 11, 19.

*Antichrist's various Policies, whereby he hath prevailed
over the World, 189, 1, &c. See Rome.*

Apparel, see Rules

Arguing, see Rules.

*Ark; where the Ark stood, Religion began her Race 184,
16*

Arms and Arts usher in the Gospel 186, 9 — 22. 191, 17

*The Power of Art, 155, 1. Arts yield to the Simplicity
of the Gospel 185, 20*

*Assurance assaulted by doubting 149, 1. how cleared 149
19*

Astronomy 77, 11. 127, 17

*Attention in time of Divine Service,
B. 15, 1*

B *Abylon, old and new, deciphered 190, 5. Both
Enemies to God's Church, 190, 8. See Rome.*

Back-biter, see Evil-speaker

*Banquet, none so dainty as the Holy Communion 174,
175, 176*

*Baptism why administred in our Infancy, 36, 15. Its sacred
Efficacy 36, 4. 185, 16. It is the Heart's laver 122, 4*

Baths 111, 20

Bats 113, 13

Beasts, see Vertue.

*Beauty, how to be accounted of 62, 25. It is one of the
World's Baits 103, 5. It raiseth Wit 46, 1. True*

Beauty where 171, 22

*Bed, an Emblem of the Grave 90, 19. 180, 21
Bees*

Bees
Blessing
Boasting
Bodies.
dered

Boldnes
British
Broken
Business
What

C *Al-
C
Care's C
Charity,
Children
Patter
CHRIST*

*incom
106, 8
admir
requit
bumble
Robes,
Inn 72
Forty
Why M
set for
54, 5.
20, 21.
Willing
Patien
him 21*

A T A B L E.

Bees	III, 13
Blessings how variously dealt	III, 10. III, 5
Boasting of Sin, a defying of God	2, 25, &c.
Bodies. Our Bodies, though vilely dishonoured and disordered by Death	180, 1. 181, 21. shall rise in Glory 180, 17. 181, 3
Boldness, when commendable	8, 1. 9, 19
British Church, see Church	
Broken Heart, see Heart	
Business, to be actively followed	12, 17. see Employment.
What Business we have for Tears	105, 19. and Sighs 106, 1

C.

C almness in arguing, a great Advantage	11, 9
Careless Persons past Cure	12, 18
Care's Cops	136, 5. Busy Care for future Chances, blamed 139, 1, &c.
Charity, like the Cement in a Building	58, 18
Children, how to be educated	4, 13 — 30. They are Patterns for Men 36, 20
CHRIST, his Love to us free	107, 1, &c. 176, 13. and incomparable 29, 17. 86, 21. 96, 7. 97, 16. 100, 10, &c. 106, 8, &c. 151, 12. 175, 4. We can never sufficiently admire it 177, 1. We can nor do; nor suffer enough to requite him 27, 3, &c. 28, 19. 97, 21. 141, 5. How he bumbled himself to redeem us 31, 26. He laid aside his Robes, to put on our Rags 145, 15. He is lodged in an Inn 72, 29. 145, 25. Cradled in a Manger 73, 6. His Forty days Fast 79, 19. We ought to imitate him 79, 20. Why Mary washed his Feet 168, 1. His Passion and Grief set forth 19, &c. his Sale 19, 17. Bloody-sweat 19, 21. 54, 5. 100, 1. His Disciples drowsiness 20, 1. and flight 20, 21. his Apprehension 20, 17. Accusation 20, 26, &c. Willingness to die 20, 30. Condemnation 21, 9. 23, 21 Patience 21, 29. Herod and Pilate combine against him 21, 13. the Jews spite against him, see Jews. Ba- rabbas

A T A B L E.

rabbas preferred before him 22, 21. *he is scourged* 23, 1.
Buffeted 23, 5. *Spit on* 23, 9. 24, 25. *Hoodwinked* 23,
 13. *Flouted* 23, 17. 26, 1. *scornfully arrayed* 24, 1.
cruelly Crowned 24, 5. *smitten with a Reed* 24, 13. *scof-*
ingly Saluted 24, 17. *he beareth his Cross* 25, 9. *he is*
Crucified on it 25, 13. *betwixt two Thieves* 26, 9. *they*
give him Vinegar and Gall 26, 17. *part his Garments* 26,
 21. *pierce his Side* 26, 25. 146, 1. *what rare Liquor*
flowed thence 26, 27. 29, 18. 36, 4.
His Title 26, 13. 27, 1. *Death* 26, 29. 118, 1. 145, 13, 30.
by dying hath destroyed Death 164, 1—10
The unconceivableness of his Sufferings 25, 21. 27, 1—10
All our Sufferings nothing to his 53, 26
An Arithmetick to cast up his Sufferings by 30, 15
Our benefit from them 25, 15. 26, 5. 27, 13. 106, 8—28.
 164, 1—10
His Sepulchre 32, 7. *His Grave-clothes a Christian's Hand-*
kerchief 105, 6
The use and fruits of his Resurrection 104, 19, &c. *how to*
share with him in his Victories 29, 1. *an Hymn on his*
Resurrection 33, 1
His Blood an Antidote to expel Sin 31, 13. *the only Quieter*
of the Conscience 98, 17. *the Price of Paradise* 68, 19.
the true Panacea 141, 19. *it serveth both to cleanse*
the Heart 122, 5. 141, 19. *and soften it* 122, 32. *it*
supplieth the defect of our Tears 129, 25. 152, 25
His Cross, a Tree of Life to us 25, 15. *what Adam lost*
we have in him 137, 13. 185, 36
He is the weary Soul's best Relief 72, 26. *both the Grief*
and Joy of a Christian 54, 6. *our Peace* 117, 26. *our*
Way, Truth, Life 150, 13. *Our Light, Feast, Strength*
 150, 17. *our Joy, Love, Heart* 150, 21. *our Food in the*
Sacrament 155, 14. 174, 12, 20, 24. 175, 13. 176, 1, &c.
He is more ours than his own 151, 12. *we more his than*
our own 151, 1. *and then most our own when his* 151, 4
He is most lovely and beautiful 108, 9. *he hath changed*
the shape of Justice from terrible to amiable 135, 1. *he*
presenteth

presen
 7. *he*
suffer
What he
 25. *o*
titude
Christ's
He is imp
Christian
 184, 2
into E
Germ
pass o
and A
way fo
Christian.
 1—24
Their S
and sw
their J
of the
A Christm
Church, J
The Churc
Grace a
from th
 191, 13
 185, 3
She is but
The reform
Gifts of
Church
Churches
in the C
Church Sch
caused

A T A B L E.

presenteth our Suits to his Father with advantage	146,
7. he supplieth his Ministers defects	168, 24. 169, 1. he
suffereth still in his Members	64, 24. 65, 7
What he requireth of us for all he hath done for us	107,
25. our Ingratitude to him	86, 5—25. Vows of Gra-
titude and Love to him	27, 17. 40, 11
Christ's three Offices made a Jest of	188, 33
He is importuned to hasten his second Coming	99, 25. 100,
	101, 150, 13. 181, 1, &c.
Christian Religion, its rise	184, 25. progress Westward
184, 29. it leaveth the East by degrees	185, 2. cometh
into Egypt	185, 8. Greece 185, 20. Italy 185, 32.
Germany	186, 15. England 186, 24. when it shall
pass over to America	190, 25. see Religion. Arts
and Arms both give way to it	185, 20—35. both make
way for it	186, 9—22. 191, 17
Christians should not be caught with the World's Bait	103,
1—24. 172, 1, &c. see World. Their Joy, see Joy.	
Their State here	132, 1. their Life, a Mixture of bitter
and sweet,	158, 20, &c. 160, 161, 165, 25. 166, 5, 13.
their Journey to Heaven described	135, 25. It is that
of the Jews towards Canaan	121, 1
A Christmas Anthem	73, 11
Church, see God's House.	
The Church, how tenderly regarded by God	184, 9. Her
Grace and Beauty	184, 14. Her Progress like the Suns
from the East Westward	184, 13, 24. 185, 2. 186, 31.
191, 13, 24. she is still dogged and driven away by Sin	
185, 35. see Sin.	
She is but a small part of the World	134, 27
The reformed Church, far short of the Primitive	100, 14.
Gifts of the Holy Ghost, how plentiful in the Primitive	
Church	51, 11. how scarce now
	51, 23
Churches Authority to be obeyed	78, 16. Innocent Customs
in the Church to be observed	78, 24
Church Schisms, how sad and lamentable	134, 1. whence
caused	134, 16
	Th:

A T A B L E.

<i>The British Church, of late the most beautiful</i>	102, 1—30.
<i>the Pontifician in the mean time painted</i>	102, 13. <i>the</i>
<i>rest undressed</i>	102, 19. <i>Evils threatening Ruin to our</i>
<i>Church</i>	155, 20. 190, 27
<i>Chymistry</i>	78, 1
<i>Cleanliness recommended</i>	13, 3
<i>Clothes worn by Man only</i>	112, 25. <i>see Rules.</i>
<i>Clouds</i>	111, 20. 112, 32
<i>Command, God's Right Hand ; Permission, his Left</i>	110, 13
<i>Commerce and Trade</i>	112, 22
<i>Commonwealth steered by God's Counsels</i>	184, 5
<i>Communion, see Sacrament.</i>	
<i>Complaint, see Praise.</i>	
<i>Condemn. Men oft condemn that in others which them-</i>	
<i>selves are guilty of</i>	165, 1
<i>Confession a special Remedy against Grief of Heart</i>	119, 7
<i>Confidence</i>	58, 15. <i>The Confidence of the Godly</i> 167, 1, &c.
<i>Conscience. Its busy Nature</i>	98, 6. <i>How to quiet it</i> 98,
<i>17. a remorseful Conscience, of how strange a Force</i>	125, 3, &c.
<i>Constancy. A constant good Man set forth</i>	63, 17. <i>Be con-</i>
<i>stant to thy Purposes</i>	5, 1
<i>Constantine the Great</i>	186, 27
<i>Contented Men only happy</i>	60, 13. 61, 7. <i>Contentment</i>
<i>only maketh rich</i>	4, 25. <i>It is likened to Fire in Flint</i>
<i>60, 9. Motives to Contentation</i>	87, 19. <i>Our Hopes of</i>
<i>so much hereafter should make us content here with a</i>	
<i>little</i>	131, 1
<i>Continence. All bound to contain, or marry</i>	1, 13
<i>Conveyance, see Soul.</i>	
<i>Corrections, God's Pruning-knife</i>	126, 1
<i>Covetousness, base</i>	6, 7. 69, 3. <i>dangerous</i> 6, 19. <i>the Root</i>
<i>of all Evil</i>	69, 1, 14. <i>as foolish an Idolatry as ever</i>
<i>Egypt was guilty of</i>	187, 17. <i>an acting of Judas's</i>
<i>part over again</i>	165, 13
<i>Countries. Several Countries have several Blessings</i>	112,
<i>11. all enough to serve their Need</i>	112, 21
	Creatures,

Creatures
110, 9
21. al
or othe
Good
They e
Credit, h
Crocodile
Cross, it
Curiosity
Chance
Customs,

DAY
for
Work-a
see Sun
Day of J
Death's
once hi
where
100, 22
beth us
tage to
136, 27
16. it
stroyeth
sons 60
Death
Death
feareth
Delight,
Denial, o

Deserts,

A T A B L E.

Creatures, all strongly and sweetly ruled by God's Will
 110, 9—20. 184, 1. *all shew his infinite Power* 110,
 21. *all praise him, see Praise. All useful one way*
or other 112, 11—20. 113, 5. *all wise for their own*
Good 111, 9. *None of them to be rested in* 154, 6.
They express a Feast 113, 17
Credit, how to be regarded 1, 15. 12, 12
Crocodile 113, 23. *worshipped in Egypt* 187, 20
Cross, it is the Christian's Burden 25, 11. *see Affliction.*
Curiosity in Divinity checked 127, 17. *and about future*
Chances 138, 6. 139, 1
Customs, see Church.

D.

D*AY and Night a checkered Twist* 111, 6. *Day made*
for Business; Night for Rest 55, 12. 56, 6. 10.
Work-days and Sundays compared 67, 1, 15. 68, 23.
see Sunday. The last Day best 101, 14
Day of Judgment, see Judgment.
Death's Nature, altered by Christ 115, 9—18. *it was*
once hideous 180, 1. *now lovely* 180, 13. *O Death*
where is thy Sting! 164, 1. *Death desired* 99, 25.
 100, 22. 101, 17. 138, 3. 148, 26. 168, 8. 180, 13. *it rob-*
beth us of all but our God 170, 25. 171, 1. *its Advan-*
tage to a Christian 164, 9. 180, 16. *the Gate of Heaven*
 136, 27. 148, 30. *it openeth our Eyes to see clearly* 74,
 16. *it is a Curb to Sin, if well thought of* 57, 5. *it de-*
stroyeth Sin 58, 24. *it equalleth Kings and private Per-*
sons 60, 21. *No Age without something to mind it of*
Death 90, 13. 91, 1. *Death's Harbingers* 170, 24.
Death surpriseth Procrastinators 71, 21. *Man only*
feareth two Deaths 124, 24
Delight, see Joy.
Denial, or delay of Prayers breedeth Discontent 71, 26.
 72, 1—25
Deserts, see Merit.
 Despairing

A T A B L E.

- Despairing Thoughts, how sad and bitter* 149, 1. 177, 19.
 178, 1. *a Charm for Despair* 145, 7. 146, 18. *Despera-*
tion's Cave 135, 18
Devil, he is not so ugly as Sin 55, 22
Disciples, see Christ.
Discontent, Arguments to lay it 87, 19. 18, 1
Discourse, see Rules.
Distances huge and irreconcilable 157, 13, 29
Diving for Pearls 77, 18
Divinity, in it self easy and plain 128, 1. *made difficult*
by Men's nice Curiosity 127, 17
Doctrine and Life in Ministers, like Colours and Light in
Glass 59, 16
Doing Good, see Good.
Dolphine 120, 11
Dooms-day longed for 181. *how terrible it will be* 182, 1.
see Judgment.
Doublings of God's Favour 149, 1. *how removed* 149, 19.
 178, 19
Drunkennes, how abominable 2, 1. *a Caveat for Drunk-*
ards 89, 15. *Drunkards invited to the best draught*
that can be 174, 15
Dulness of Heart, see Heart.

E.

- E** *Ager Undertakers and slack Prosecutors, likened to*
an Exhalation 163, 31
Earthen Vessels, oft curious, though of mean Stuff 155, 1
Earthly Joys, see Worldly.
East, the Churches, as well as the Sun's Rising-place, see
Church.
Easter 33, 34
Easy things, see Hard.
Egypt's Garden-gods derided 187, 5. *she was once the*
Seat of Plagues; after of Religion 185, 8. *she shaketh*
off Christ's Yoke 185, 22. *and submitteth to Maho-*
met's 188, 11
Elements

Element
 Elephan
 Eloquenc
 guage

Empire a
 see R
 Employ
 Emulatio
 England

English,
 English,
 Envy, a
 Evil-spea
 Evils fu
 Expenses
 Eyes, a

F Aith
 leth
 Fame. Th
 60, 25
 Fast, wh
 Fathers.

10, 13
 of thei
 Feast. Th
 None l
 Fire, use
 Flatterers
 Flies
 Flowers,
 Thanks
 and Gr

A T A B L E.

Elements placed according to their worth	71, 6
Elephant	113, 24
Eloquence where best bestowed	171, 7—24. the Lan-
guage of the Heart, the highest Eloquence	163, 1—15.
	171, 5
Empire and Arts usher in the Gospel	186, 9—22. 191, 17
see Roman.	
Employment, see Doing good.	
Emulation, see Envy.	
England's Character	4, 7. Marks of her Ruin 190, 27.
	191, 7
English, careless in breeding their Children	4, 13
English, a Language copious and eloquent enough	162, 9
Envy, a Worm; Emulation, a Spur	9, 25
Evil-speaker, see Speaker.	
Evils future, forestal not	139, 1, &c.
Expenses, see Rules.	
Eyes, a good Receipt for them	88, 25

F.

Faith's Care, Nature and Efficacy	41, 19, &c. It equal-
leth different Conditions	42, 15. see Reason.
Fame. The Fame of the Dead in the Power of the Living	60, 25. see Credit.
Fast, which best	80, 1. see Abstinence, and Lent.
Fathers. Children are nearer to them than any Friends	10, 13. yet they are oft more careful of any thing than
of their Children	4, 14
Feast. That is the best, where the Poor are Guests	80, 4
None like that at the Lord's Table	174, &c.
Fire, used by no Creature but Man	112, 26
Flatterers, parcel of Devils	9, 23
Flies	111, 2
Flowers, an Emblem of our Life here	87, 1—18. What
Thanks they return for Rain	113, 1. A Christian's Joys
and Griefs compared to the springing and withering of	Flowers

A T A B L E.

<i>Flowers</i>	160, 161. <i>A Christian Flower for Paradise</i>	161, 16
<i>Folly, to forecast and forestal future Evils</i>	13, 9. 1, &c.	
<i>Food provided for all</i>		110, 29
<i>Fortitude presented with the Hare's Ears</i>		62, 3
<i>Fortune is the Goddess of Fools</i>		76, 1
<i>Fountains, see Springs.</i>		
<i>Fox's Brain, given to Justice</i>		62, 7
<i>Friends. Loss of Friends a great Loss</i>	39, 7. <i>Some Friends like Flies</i>	163, 19. <i>We use God worse than our Friends</i>
	86, 2, &c. 108, 1—21. <i>yea than our Foes</i>	86, 25. <i>yet none so much our Friends as he</i>
		86, 21. 100, 7
<i>Friendship must give place to Piety</i>	27, 25. <i>see Rules.</i>	
<i>Frogs</i>		113, 19
<i>Frosts</i>		112, 16. 160, 4
<i>Fruits</i>	112, 1, 6. <i>Cold Fruits have warm Kernels</i>	113, 14
<i>Furres</i>		112, 12, 18

G.

G <i>Ain, which best</i>	106, 26
<i>Gaming, see Rules.</i>	
<i>Gardens of Gods in Egypt</i>	187, 5
<i>Gazing at Church, unlawful</i>	14, 19
<i>Holy Ghost, see Church.</i>	
<i>Glass</i>	112, 17. <i>see Doctrine.</i>
<i>Glory shall be according to the measure of Grace</i>	49, 1—12.
<i>Worldly Glory not worth a Christian's Regard</i>	103, 13
<i>Gluttony, see Intemperance. Gluttons bid to the best of Banquets</i>	174, 9
G O D. <i>His Altar a broken Heart</i>	18, 1.
<i>His Anger intolerable</i>	161, 4. <i>When he hideth his Face,</i>
<i>O how are we troubled!</i>	177, 19. 178, 1
<i>His Blessing speedeth Man's Actions</i>	152, 1. <i>the want of it cloggeth them</i>
	152, 7
<i>His Bounty to Man</i>	74, 1. 84, 29. <i>His two Cabinets</i>
<i>why, having heaped other Blessings on Man</i>	53, 21. <i>he kept</i>

A T A B L E:

- kept rest only from him 154,3. God our Landlord 31,
21. 121, 24. He liketh no present from us so well as
the Heart 121,27. 122,4,22. He accepteth the Will
for the Deed 163, 1—15
- His care of our Souls, 37,19. 41,19 78,9. 39,23. 100,7.
122,123. His two Lines to draw us to himself, 90,1.
How he striveth with Man 93,7. 99,13. 133,17. His
Care of his People, and their Confidence in him 167,
1, &c. He careth most for us when he seemeth least to
do so 145, 7. How cross and strange his Dealings are
sometimes with his Children 158, 20. 159, 1, &c. 161,
1. and how various 160,1,&c. 161, 1, &c. 165, 25.
166,5,13. How he tempereth our Grievs with Joys,
and why 153,7. 161,15. He is our God even to Death,
and after 170, 29
- His Corrections, Tokens of his Love 126, 2. His Love
worketh more on our Hearts than his Rod 173, 5, &c.
- His due in Tythe and Time to be given him 13, 20
- His Gifts far exceed our Deserts and Returns 132, 9.
141,1. 177,9. they encourage still to crave more 116,
1—15
- His Glory must not be given to any other 70,11. it should
be our end in every thing 178, 21
- His Goodness to Angels and Men 85, 10
- His Grace restraineth our impetuous Lusts 147,1—36.
we stand in continual need of it 120,17. 137, 3, &c.
we can do nothing well without it, 137,1. 149,29. God
is wont to add his Help to Man's Endeavours 79,24
- His Grief for our Sins 128,17. calleth upon us to grieve
129, 1
- His House to be longed for 13, 18. hasted unto 13, 24.
14, 13. 4, 25. entred with Reverence 147,17. 1, &c.
how we ought to behave our selves there 14,&c. much
Benefit by coming thither 14—34
- His Immensity 47, 6. He dwelleth not in Temples made
with Hands 99, 1, 24. He is invited to dwell in
Man

A T A B L E.

Man 83, 13. 85, 1. *desire of God's Presence maketh this Life irksome* 115, 19. *he conversed of Old familiarly with the Patriarchs* 91, 19. *now he taketh up his Mansion in the Heart* 92, 1. *see Heart.*

His Justice, see Justice.

His Kingdom. A Prayer for the Advancement of God's and the Overthrow of Sin's Kingdom 192, 1

His Love unmeasurable, 90, 7. 110, 9. 126, 16. 140, 5. 13, 11. it is shewn unto us Day and Night 56, 9. *yea, every Minute* 56, 14. *it is our sweetest Repose* 56, 16. *the Ground of our Assurance* 149, 19, &c. 150, 1. *the sole Cause of our Happiness* 183, 6, &c. *it keepeth us from falling from God* 93, 1, 12. 149, 20. 150, 1. *God cannot wholly forsake his People* 177, 21. *the first Glance of God's Favour on the Soul, how permanent and powerful* 166, 5. *God commended his Love to us, by giving his Son to die for us* 176, 10

His Omniscience 179, 19. 184, 2. *see Sinner. We should still admire and adore God's eternal Counsels* 185, 18. 186, 33. 188, 17. 189, 35. 191, 32. *according to which all things come to pass* 184, 1—10

His Pity transcendent 142, 25. *Arguments to excite it* 137, 15. 142, 13, &c. 173, 5. *what a quick access Prayer hath to God* 95, 19. *he is more ready to hear than we to ask, 54, 11. why he turneth sometime a deaf Ear to our Prayers* 126, 11. 127, 1

His Power infinite 96, 1. 126, 14. *what can resist his Will* 157, 5. *or separate from his Love* 157, 5

He is to be praised by all, by Man especially 45, 1. 57. &c. *His Mercy to his, above all Praise* 140, 1, &c. *see Praise.*

His Promises bind him 133, 16. 139, 30. *and plead for us* 144, 20

His Providence how Praise-worthy 109, 9
110—113. *its two Hands* 110, 13. *it ruleth all* 109, 10. 110, 9. *see Creatures. God is infinite in all and each of his Works* 110, 21. *He stilleth Tempests* 110,

110, 2
his Cr
curiou
&c. 11

for ou

all Thi

His Puri

His Robe

His Ways

mean 1

His Will

Rule of

His Word

should

Gold, as

Grace a

Good, doin

49, 1, &c.

Gospel how

185, 20

it hath

191, 2,

Grace more

the Worl

Corrupti

23. 47,

should 1

God.

Gratitude,

Grace, see

Great Men

Grecian

Grief, Sins

ing Natur

129, 25.

A T A B L E.

110, 25. maketh Sand check the Sea	110, 27. feedeth his Creatures
110, 29. 111, 1. ordereth Time	111, 5. curiously and variously divideth his Gifts
112, 10, &c. 113, 5, &c. provideth better for us than we should for our selves	87, 9. 88, 5. continually taketh care for all Things
152, 13. especially for his Church	184, 9
His Purity	93, 14
His Robes laid aside for our Rags	145, 15
His Ways and Man's	88, 13. 165, 25. He oft imployeth mean Instruments about high Matters
155, 22	
His Will should be ours	87, 19. 97, 6. 159, 30. it is the Rule of his Actions
164, 21	
His Word, the Rule of all Religious Worship	70, 13. it should be our Rule in every thing
173, 9—16	
Gold, as ridiculous a God as Garlick	187, 17. Gold and Grace agree not
191, 3	
Good, doing Good, both comfortable	12, 1. and profitable
49, 1, &c. 70, 26. a good Man described	63, 17
Gospel how ushered in, see Arts. it prevaieth over Arts	185, 20. and Arms
185, 32. see Christian Religion. it hath its set Periods in every Country	185, 25. 191, 2, 15. its admirable Rise, Growth, Fruits
118, 3, &c.	
Grace more glorious than the Stars	170, 16. It supporteth the World
76, 13. it is but small in us in comparison of Corruption	30, 1, &c. it hath its Ebbs and Flows
46, 23. 47, 1. 48, 1. 120, 21. as Grace aboundeth, so should Duty	53, 7. see Glory. God's Grace, see God.
Gratitude, see Thankful.	
Grace, see Bed.	
Great Men not to be envied	9, 25. how to be dealt with
9, 19	
Grecian Oracles	187, 26
Grief, Sins foil	170, 21. it is of a subtle and searching Nature
118, 19. 119, 1. wasteth the Body	41, 7. 129, 25. 153, 11. a Remedy against it
119, 7. Griefs future,	

A T A B L E.

future, not to be forestalled 139, 1, &c. Grief good, if right taken 124, 25. Grief for Affliction, see Affliction. The Greatness of Grief emphatically set out 158, 1. It is proportioned by God's distance from us 157, 17. Grief and Joy interchangeably succeed each other 160, 1, &c. 161, 1, &c. see Sighs and Sorrow. Groans, God's Musick 99, 17. see Sighs.

H.

Hair. A Brush for powdred Hair 89, 11
 Hard-heart, see Heart. Hard things glorious, easy, cheap and common 112, 13
 Have's Ears given to Fortitude 62, 3
 Harvest, which best 101, 12
 Hawk 112, 20
 Hear. God heareth not those who hear not their own Prayers 126, 24. nor his Precepts 127, 6
 Heart how intricate and winding 118, 20. its Furniture 30, 1. 31, 11. 32, 11. it is only in God's Power 18, 5. 37, 4. The Method of his Care about it 122, 123. How earnestly God woeth it 54, 11. 86, 18, 22. He esteemeth it more than any Gift else 121, 27. 122, 4, 22. 163, 1, 15. it is all he requireth of us 77, 26. 86, 18. 107, 25. A good Heart is God's House 130, 5. and his Temple 92, 1. more dear to him than that of Solomon 99, 1, &c. How faulty our Hearts are, and unworthy of God's Acceptance 141, 3. How to make them good 141, 19. The Heart best when one and single 141, 4. but it is oft divided and parcelled out 141, 16
 The Heart's Deed of Gift 96, 24. 138, 12. 141, 24. Christ hath purchased it 97, 21. it is never at rest till it come to God 99, 25. 100, 101, 104, 15. 115, 19. 142, 13. 154, 12. 156, 157. A broken Heart described 82, 11. how earnestly it longeth for God's Mercy

Mercy
 a Pur
 how q
 to be b
 30, 13.
 32. a
 Heavenly
 Heaven's
 there o
 Happi
 someti
 148, 1
 should
 the Gi
 Mr. Her
 Life 3
 fearful
 his Po
 Herbs, fu
 Herbs
 sheweth
 Hills, be
 Home, ou
 Honest M
 Honour,
 how ma
 Place 1
 Hope of f
 tation
 nothing
 Love 1
 Repenta
 Horse
 Humble.
 Projects

A T A B L E.

<i>Mercy</i>	143, 13, &c. 144, 25. its best Cordial	105, 9.
<i>a Purge for the Heart</i>	31, 13. 141, 19.	a dull Heart,
<i>how quickened</i>	123, 4, &c. a grateful Heart, earnestly	to be begged
<i>Hardness of the Heart</i>	18, 5.	
<i>30, 13. 32, 9, &c. 37, 17. 52, 25.</i>	how removed	122, 25,
<i>32. a sad Heart, how made glad</i>		126, 10, &c.
<i>Heavenly Joys how best expressed</i>		95, 1—18
<i>Heaven's Light and Glory</i>	65, 13. 66, 6, 15. the Joys	
<i>there only pure and true</i>	162, 4. 166, 24.	Heavens
<i>Happiness described</i>	182, 16. 183, 1.	We have here
<i>sometimes a Glimpse of Heaven, and but a Glimpse</i>		
<i>148, 1, &c. 166, 21.</i>	our Conversation and Cogitations	
<i>should be there</i>	101, 23. the way thither	135, 25. it is
<i>the Gift of God's most free and undeserved Love</i>	183, 6	
<i>Mr. Herbert giveth some Account of himself, and his</i>		
<i>Life</i>	38, 7, &c. 158, 21. 163, 16. 166, 5. 169, 21.	how
<i>fearfully he entred into Holy Orders</i>	154, 16. 155, 19.	
<i>his Pomander</i>	169, 16. 170, 1.	his Posy or Motto
		177, 9
<i>Herbs, full of Vertue</i>	111, 21, how they cure us	85, 5, 26.
<i>Herbs in Brooks hot and dry</i>	113, 13.	each Herb
<i>sheweth a Deity</i>		156, 9
<i>Hills, healthy</i>		112, 11
<i>Home, our home above</i>	99, 25. 100, 22. 101, 7, 32	
<i>Honest Man, who</i>		63, 17
<i>Honour, what</i>	62, 25. how best employed	27, 21. 87, 25.
<i>how maintained</i>	18. 11. due to base Persons, when in	
<i>Place</i>	10, 1. see Preferment.	
<i>Hope of future Happiness, a main Ground of Conten-</i>		
<i>tation here</i>	113, 1. a Christian's Hope grounded on	
<i>nothing in himself</i>	149, 21. but on God's unchangeable	
<i>Love</i>	149, 25. Hopes requital of Watching, Prayer,	
<i>Repentance</i>		114, 5
<i>Horse</i>		112, 19
<i>Humble. Be humble in thy Behaviour, but high in thy</i>		
<i>Projects</i>		22, 7
		Humility

A T A B L E.

Humility 58, 12. 61, 25. 62, 17. *it is ever welcome* 144, 3. 155, 27. *not apt to take Offence* 78, 21. *a Step to Honour* 89, 9

J. & I.

J. C. *Unridled* 109, 1 — 8
Idleness to be fled 3, 25. 12, 13. 49, 13. 70, 26. 71, 1
Idle Persons neither consider their Sins 105, 19. *nor their Saviour* 106, 7
Idolatry of Egypt, strange and monstrous 187, 5
Man prone to Idolatry 74, 3
Jealousy, when good 9, 28
Fests must be cleanly 3, 7. 9, 1. *not profane* 9, 2. 15, 25
JESU, *how precious a Name* 105, 9
Jewish Religion, its rise, establishment, ruin 184, 19, 26
Jews, see Christians. Their Ingratitude to Christ 19, 5.
eager Spite against him 20, 5. 21, 25. 22, 1, &c. 24, 29.
cause of their Rejection, and present Blindness 146, 23.
Their Fall was our Rise 149, 19. *Their Restitution shall be our Heart's Desire,* 146, 25. *Their Design in crucifying Christ, crossed* 184, 23
Incarnation 145, 15. *see Trinity.*
Indian Nut, how useful 113, 10
Infants Clouts, little Winding-sheets 90, 14
Ingratitude. Ours to God how great 74, 1 — 30
Intemperance. Its effects 79, 10
Joy's Coat given to Anguish 153, 16. *All Creatures have their Joy single; only Man his double* 123, 27, &c. 142, 1, &c. *Great Joys, and little, weighed* 131, 19. *see Pleasure. Our Joys should be modest and moderate* 131, 1. 172, 1. *Whether Joy or Grief be wholesomer for us* 89, 23. 90, 1. *Earthly Joys unfit for the Soul* 104, 1 — 18. *bitter and biting in the Close* 172, 17 — 28.
Spiritual Joys drown them 174, 30. *Joys above only pure and perfect* 161, 22. 162, 4
Judas's

Judas's
Judgm
191
Justice
135
Justifi

K

L
Laugh
Laws t
Learn

Lent-P
Less t
bert
Lies, /
Life, tr
87, 1
165,
than
tered
out C
ment
rathe
Light,
ever i
Lime, c
Limons
Lion. T

A T A B L E.

Judas's Treason	19, 13. 20, 13
Judgment. Last Judgment, when and where	190, 20.
191, 21, 31. how dreadful	182, 1
Justice once dreadful to the Sinner	135, 1. now lovely
135, 13. see Fox.	
Justification, illustrated by a Similitude	42, 21

K.

K Ind. Be kind and useful	11, 26
Kings, God help poor Kings	57, 20

L.

L Anguage. Fine Language ill becometh foul Matter	171, 9 — 15
Laughter, see Rules.	
Laws their Use and Benefit	76, 9
Learning stoopeth to Christ's Cross	185, 20, its Branches
	81, 1
Lent-Fast to be observed	78, 15
Less than the least of all God's Mercies, Mr. Herbert's Posy	177, 9
Lies, see Lying.	
Life, twofold 77, 2. Our Life liken'd to a Posy of Flowers	
87, 1. it is a Mixture of sweet and sowre	160, 161,
165, 25. tedious to the Godly	115, 1, 19. rather a Death
than a Life	179, 20. God's due
138, 16. not to be loitered away, but spent in Business	71, 1. No Life without Christ
106, 12. No Age of our Life without Memento's of Death	90, 13, &c. 91, 1, &c. A good Life
rather to be desir'd than a long,	87, 17
Light, how necessary	52, 13. Light, Joy, and Leisure for ever in Heaven
	182, 16. 183, 1
Lime, of how strange a Nature	148, 13
Limons	113, 15
Lion. The Lion's Paw given to Mansuetude	62, 1
	Little

A T A B L E.

- Little Things not to be despised* 12, 13, 19
Longing. The Longing of a broken heart described 142, 13, &c. 156, 157
Loss of Friends, see Friends. Loss of Love or Honour, though small, not to be slighted 12, 13. *what Loss the greatest* 106, 25
Love and Sin, two the vastest Things 29, 5 — 10. *Love, how powerful* 173, 22. *it is the best Rhetorick* 95, 1 — 18. *sharpeneth Wit, and quickneth Industry* 108, 5, 17. *prevaileth over God and Man* 174, 1. *Love of the Creature* 45, 17. *of the Creator* 46, 7. *Worldly Love, how vain and foolish* 104, 1. *To love God, who is fit* 108, 26. *He is to be loved above all* 81, 1, &c. 140, 2. *even when he afflicteth* 40, 11. *Love of the meanest to be accepted* 12, 13. *see Charity.*
Love-Verses, fond and foolish 171, 9 — 21
Lust, how filthy 1, 7. *its Remedy* 1, 13
Lying, to be avoided 3, 19. *who most subject to it* 3, 21. *it doubleth the Fault it would cloke* 3, 24

M.

- M** *Agistrates should be severe* 4, 1
Magnanimity and Humility do well together 12, 1
Manomets's Imposture 188, 11. *how far it prevaileth* 188, 19
Man, a little World 83, 17. *the great World is his Servant* 84, 1 — 30. 85, 5. *the Symmetry and Sympathy between his Parts* 85, 25. *and between them and other Creatures* 83, 27 — 30. 84, 5, &c. *his Nature, a Medley of Angelical and sensitive* 124, 4. *Man, how rare a Creature at first* 94, 19. *how happy before his Fall* 44, 17. 89, 23. *how miserable and helpless since* 94, 25. 100, 8. *short-lived, and full of Sorrow* 46, 14. *subject to Changes* 38, 7, &c. 47, 1. 120, 21. 130, 17. *mortal* 56, 18. 57, 5. *perverse* 1, 19. *Rebellious*

Rebe
wicke
 13 —
Repre
wink
 19. 1
 162, 1
 86, 5
 8. a
 11, &c
 20. 1
 is Ma

Man's F
now t
himse
no A
hath l
more
by be
loveth
how si
 7. M

Man's S
 15. M
notice
vary o
 109, 2
 36, 5 —
 11, &c

Man's
 152, 1
 158, 2
maket
against

A T A B L E.

Rebellious 37, 1. 92, 12, &c. *foolish and strangely wicked and wilful* 92, 12. 94, 1. *vile and filthy* 93, 13—28. *averse from Goodness* 93, 27. *impatient of Reproof and Correction* 93, 3. *having his Reason hoodwinked by Lusts* 94, 13. *giddy and unconstant* 119, 19. 120, 1. *grossly doting in what most concerneth him* 162, 1. 165, 7. 170, 22. *ungrateful to God* 74, 1—30. 86, 5, &c. 100, 14. *an ill Steward of God's Goods* 75, 8. *a busy Searcher after every thing but God* 77, 11, &c. 78, 1—14. *a Beast* 73, 7. 83, 21. *a Tree* 83, 20. 125, 19. *likened to a Flower* 87, 1. 160, 161. *What is Man that God should so love and woe him* 54, 11. 97, 11

Man's Fall and Rise 34, 89, 23. *his Standing, more firm now than in Paradise* 89, 18. *being weak and poor of himself, all his Sufficiency is of God* 53, 5. *he hath no Ability to the least Good without God* 137, 1. *he hath his Being and all from him* 137, 16—24. *he is more God's than his own* 151, 2. *and the more his own by being God's* 151, 4. *Man loveth God, because God loveth Man first* 54, 11, 30. *Man, when void of Grace, how silly* 187, 9. 188, 12. *apt to fall off from God* 93, 7. *Man is sooner wrought upon by Love than Force* 173, 5

Man's Services of God, how full of Failings 88, 20. 93, 15. *Man only among the Creatures below able to take notice of the Creator* 94, 7. 109, 13. *he is the Secretary of God's Praise* 109, 13. *the World's high Priest* 109, 21. *how he is wont to requite God's Love* 55, 19. 86, 5—25. *he is unworthy to praise God's Name* 92, 11, &c. *Men and Angels can never praise God enough* 85, 25. 113, 25. 140, 9, 17, 25

Man's Attempts thrive only when God bleſſeth them 152, 1. *God oft croſſeth his Designs, even when good* 158, 20. 159, 1, &c. 160, 24. 161, 1. *Man's Extremity maketh much for God's Glory* 135, 8. *Man's Artillery against Heaven* 133, 9. 142, 15. 143, 19. 156, 5

A T A B L E.

<i>Man only without Rule</i>	5, 20.	<i>Man only useth Clothes,</i>	
<i>and Fire</i>	112, 25.	<i>feareth two Deaths</i>	124, 24.
<i>hath double Joys and Grievs</i>	123, 29.	<i>124, 19. hath Pleasure</i>	
<i>both in this Life and the next</i>	123, 27.	<i>124, 1, &c.</i>	
<i>Mansuetude,</i>	<i>see Lion.</i>		
<i>Marble, where most plentiful</i>			112, 12
<i>Mary, see Anagram, and Virgin.</i>			
<i>Mary Magdalene, by washing Christ, washed her self</i>			168, 1 — 18
<i>Master. My Master, the Author's usual Title for Christ</i>			169, 21
<i>Mean. The meanest Services done for God's Sake, cease to be mean</i>			179, 6
<i>Means of Grace, how various</i>			37, 19
<i>Mediator Christ, our Mediator to his Father</i>			146, 7
<i>Mediation of Death</i>			56, 17
<i>Merit (though some brag of it 182, 8.) none in us</i>	107, 1.		
<i>all in Christ</i>	107, 13, 29.	182, 13	
<i>Metals, why hid</i>			111, 29
<i>Milk</i>			113, 17
<i>Mine and Thine how they stand between Christ and a Christian</i>			151, 1
<i>Minerals</i>			113, 20
<i>Ministry, a venerable and holy Calling</i>	154, 16.	155,	
<i>13. see Preachers and Priests.</i>			
<i>Mirth becometh not a Sinner</i>	129, 7.	<i>see Joy.</i>	
<i>Mocking sacred Persons or Things, exceeding dangerous</i>			15, 9. 15, 15
<i>Money, its Rise and Original</i>			69, 1
<i>Monuments, mortal, as well as Men</i>	57, 3.	<i>see Tombs.</i>	
<i>Mother's Kindness, whence</i>			142, 26
<i>Motions. Good Motions to be cherished</i>	127, 6.	132, 24	
<i>Musick. Church-musick how ravishing</i>			57, 13

Navi-

N
Day
Noah

O
Oecon
Old A
One, f
Oracles
Order,
Holy O
Orange

P
Ar
ho
Parado
Parrat
Passions
8, 1
Thou
Divi
very
Patience
Peace,
Whe
Peacock

A T A B L E.

N.

Navigation 112, 51
 Night made for Man to rest in 56, 2. 84, 12. see
 Day,
 Noah's Vine 121, 17. 128, 15.

O.

Oaths, of all Sins, may be best spared 3, 2
 Obedience 130, 13. The right Rule of it 173, 9,
 16
 Oeconomy. The Oeconomy of a good Soul 130, 5
 Old Age 91, 7
 One, sometimes equivalent to a Number 141, 9
 Oracles, the Devils Cheats 187, 26. silenced 188, 8
 Order, how beautiful 130, 10
 Holy Orders, not rashly to be entred into 154, 16
 Orange-tree 71, 16

P.

Paradise, not so stable a Mansion as the Ark 89, 18.
 how forfeited 161, 19. 185, 37
 Paradoxes 88, 14 — 23. 101, 12
 Parrats 83, 23
 Passions would 136, 7. Passions should follow, not lead
 8, 11. They are loth to be curbed by Reason 81, 27.
 Though fierce and wild 174, 1. They are bridled by
 Divine Grace 147, 33. When so corrected they are
 very serviceable 9, 29
 Patience, an Emblem of it 58, 9
 Peace, where to be found 117, 23. 118, 1 — 18
 Where not 117, 7. 11, 13
 Peacock's Plume quarrelled for 62, 9
 Pearls

A T A B L E.

<i>Pearls dearly earned</i>	77, 18. and dearly worn	77, 22
<i>Pentecost, how glorious</i>		51, 11
<i>Perfections, all in Christ</i>		108, 13
<i>Perfume, what sweetest</i>	169, 16. 175, 25. 176, 1	
<i>Permission, see Command.</i>		
<i>Persecution not so hurtful to the Church as Schism</i>	134,	
	13, &c.	
<i>Perseverance, caused by God's Love</i>	93, 7	
<i>Phanxies Meadow</i>	136, 1	
<i>Philosophy. Two Things too great for a Philosopher to measure</i>	29, 5—10	
<i>Pigeons</i>	111, 10	
<i>Pity in the Creature floweth from God</i>	142, 25	
<i>Pleasure not so good for us as Affliction</i>	89, 23. see Mirth.	
<i>Pleasures immoderately followed dangerous</i>	175, 25.	
<i>Arguments perswading to Moderation in the use of them</i>	172, 1, &c. The Ways of Pleasure 81, 21. Earthly Pleasures wearisom 72, 26, and Bitterness in the End 104, 5. Pleasure weakneth the World 76, 6. Pleasure here, but short; Pain, long 148, 1. Pleasures here, vain and empty; Sorrows real and solid 161, 22—33. 172, 5. Pleasure, Mahomet's main Argument 188, 11. Man's Pleasure, where chiefly 123, 30. 124, 13. 131, 2. 132, 15. 148, 23. 166, 21	
<i>Poetry, what best</i>	44, 13. 163, 1, &c. its efficacy 13. see Verses.	
<i>Poysons commonly have their Antidotes at hand</i>	112, 3	
<i>Pomander</i>	171, 1. 176, 7	
<i>Poor soonest receive the Gospel</i>	191, 3	
<i>Pope. His Policy, Power, Pride</i>	188, 25. 189, 1, &c.	
<i>Powdred Hair, see Hair</i>		
<i>Practice. In our Practice we oft go cross to our Judgment</i>	62, 25. 63, 1	
<i>Praise due to God from Men and Angels</i>	85, 7, &c.	
<i>All Creatures praise him</i>	109, 17—28. 110, 1. 113, 29. 114, 1. But Man is bound to do it above all,	

all,
unw
neit
enou
shou
117
plain
Prayer,
publ
Encc
Even
ness
96,
Heav
11.
26.
Preache
Life
shoul
Preferm
Present
Presump
Pride,
Priestho
13.
Priests
Procast
Prognost
the G
secon
Providen
even

A T A B L E.

all, and for all 109, 9, &c. 110, 1—9. Man is unworthy to do it 92, 11. 93, 13. God's Praise can neither rise nor fall 110, 22. He can never be praised enough 85, 25. 113, 25. 140, 9. 17, 25. Praise should be lively and chearful 198, 1. and continual 117, 1. 123, 24. 151, 21. 153, 1. Praise and Complaint may stand together 161, 1

Prayer, better than Preaching 14, 13. best when most publick 14, 1. its Excellency 96, 14. an exquisite Encomium of it 43, 1. it is the best Key for the Evening 89, 5. Motives to Prayer, from God's readiness to hear 95, 19. and his Power and Will to help 96, 1, 7. Prayer and Tears, Man's Artillery against Heaven 133, 9. what hindreth Prayer 57, 25. 126, 11. 127, 1. Denial of Prayer, how troublesome 71, 26. 72, 1—25. A Prayer against Sin's Triumphs 192, 1

Preachers likened to Church-Windows 59, 1. Doctrine and Life should combine in them 59, 6. whatever they should not be despised 14, 31. nor jested at 15, 9

Preferment maketh some worse 88, 5

Present time only ours 138, 26

Presumption 135, 30

Pride, and absurd Sin for Dust and Ashes 89, 11

Priesthood, how sacred and venerable 154, 16. 155, 13. who is sufficient for such a Function 154, 22

155, 15

Priests how to be dressed 168, 19

Procrastinators, see Death.

Prognosticks of England's Woe 155, 20. 190, 27. of

the Gospel's Removal to America 190, 25. of Christ's

second Coming 190, 20. 191, 21, 31

Providence reacheth upward and downward 156, 9—15

even to the smallest things 184, 3. most of all, to

the

A T A B L E.

*the Church, 184, 9. God's continual Providence about
other Things hindereth not his hearing of Prayers 152,
13. see God.*

Purging Medicines

172, 18

*Purposes should be pursued 5, 1. what such are like as be
hot in undertaking, but cold in prosecuting their Pur-
poses.*

163, 21

Q.

Q *Uarrels to be avoided*

8, 13

R.

R *ain*

113, 1

Rain-bow

117, 11. 145, 20

Reason in Divine Matters should give place to Faith

127, 21. 128, 9, &c.

*Redemption, a more difficult Work than Creation 25, 18
described*

31, 21

Reformed Church, not comparable to the Primitive

190,
14

Religion's Rise and Progress 184, 13. Jewish 184, 19

Christian 184, 25. see Christian. Religion left the

East by degrees 185, 2. her removal hence to America

foretold 190, 25. 191, 1—20. she best agreeth with

Poverty 191, 3. she is best at first, and decayeth conti-

nually

190, 14—24

Renovation of the Heart

122, 3, 10. 123, 20

Repentance 40, 13. Repent in time

104, 7

Respect of Persons, none with God

142, 13

Rest, why with-held from Man in this World

154, 31

Resurrection, certain 42, 29. the Glory thereof maketh

grim Death welcome 180, 1, &c. Christ's Resurrection

a Christian's Cordial

104, 19

Reverence

Rever
Rhet

Rich
we
wh
rou

Roma
Ge
Rome
Ch
Inf
Eas
how
B Y
Ant

Romi
Rose 8
the
Rule,
Rules

guin
selve
riag
61,
Dri
ship
ing
the
9, 1.
ship

A T A B L E.

Reverence, to be used in God's House 14, 7
Rhetorick. None like Love for Spiritual Matters 95,
 1—18

Riches, one of the World's Snares 103, 9. *what Esteem*
we should have of them 62, 25. *they are only good*
when used 6, 10. *but if we take not good heed dan-*
gerous 6, 19. *see Wealth. How to make thy Son rich*
 4, 19, &c.

Roman Empire seated in Greece 186, 7. *translated to*
Germany 186, 13

Rome's Ambition after Empire 185, 33. *she stoopeth to*
Christ 185, 32. *Rome's Rock* 188, 21. *her Saints,*
Infallibility, Indulgencies, whence 189, 3. *with what*
Ease she now subdueth all Nations 189, 9—30
how she deserveth and maketh good her Name B A-
 B Y L O N 189, 7. *new and old Rome, both one*
Antichrist 189, 31

Romish Church, see Church.

Rose 80, 11. 111, 26. *an Emblem of earthly Delights* 172
the Church likened to a Rose 134, 1

Rule, observed by all but Man 5, 20

Rules for Alms-giving 13, 9—20. *Apparel* 7, 13. *ar-*
guing 11, 9. *Behaviour at Table* 5, 13. *calling our*
selves to account 6, 1. 15, 20. 55, 19. 126, 8. *Car-*
riage toward Great Persons 9, 19. *Contentation* 60, 1.
 61, 5. *Conversation* 8, 1, &c. *Discourse* 10, 25, &c.
Drinking 2, 1, &c. *Education of Children* 4, 17. *Friend-*
ship 10, 7. 86, 2, &c. *Gaming* 7, 19. *Getting and spend-*
ing 6, 7, &c. *Relating Fests and Tales* 3, 7. *Keeping*
the Lord's Day 13, 23, 16. *Laughter and Mirth* 8, 25.
 9, 1. *Spending of Time* 3, 25. 4, 1. 15, 21, &c. *Sureti-*
ship 10, 13—21. *Travellers* 12, 21—12

Sabbath

A T A B L E.

S.

- S**abbath gave way to the Lord's Day 68, 8. see Sunday.
- Sacramental Mysteries, easy to Faith 128, 9
- Sacraments flowed from Christ's Side 26, 27. 122, 5.
the Sacrament an especial Antidote against Sin 174, 24.
175, 25. to administer the Sacrament, how high and
holy an Office 155, 13. see Supper.
- Saints their Happiness and Glory 69, 17. why we may not
afford them Adoration 71, 11
- Scandals in the Church, whence 78, 15—26
- Schisms in the Church, how lamentable 134, 1
- Scholar, his Task 4, 2
- Scorn to Man's Love 12, 19
- Scriptures, their Excellence and Use 50, 1, &c. Consent and
Harmony 50, 15. necessary and saving Truths therein,
plain and easy 128, 1
- Sea bounded with Sand 110, 27. it affordeth a quicker
Passage than Land 112, 5
- Seek. The Souls seeking of God 156, 157
- Self-examination needful 6, 1. 126, 11
- Services, see Sweet.
- Shade 112, 13
- Sheep 111, 17
- Shepherd. The Soul is a Shepherd 73, 13
- Sickness described 39, 1
- Sighs and Groans 75, 1—30. 82, 11. how welcome
to God 99, 17. they are Musick to him 99, 24. 116,
19. how necessary they are and advantageous to Man
106, 1—6. 146, 17. they waft the Godly to Bliss
65, 4. Sighs and Tears are Souls Artillery 133, 9.
142, 15. 156, 17. 160, 25. storm Heaven-gate 125,
1. one good Sigh better than all worldly Joys 101, 1

Sinners

Sinners
to be
25. o
I —
comet
tory
Sins for
Dark
driven
and i
weave
Sins j
throw

Sin is n
2, 25
how p
may b
in the
29, 5
World
26. h
Prayer
58, 2
grieve
for it
our Te
106, 1
cleans
py Ma
Sin, how
16. it
Stories

Sleep, a-
when

A T A B L E.

- Sinners think not of God's Omniscience* 92, 23. *are not to be soothed* 9, 23. *are the greatest Losers* 106, 25. *oft condemn themselves by condemning others* 165, 1 — 24. *their Task* 105, 19. 106, 1. *Mirth becometh them not* 129, 7. *the penitent Sinner's Inventory* 30, 1
- Sins foil what* 170, 2. *it still pursueth the Church, as Darkness the Sun* 191, 14, 20, 26. *it chideth and driveth away Religion* 187, 3. *its various Postures and Plots to that End* 187 — 191. *At Rome it weareth the Habit of Religion* 188, 25. 190, 1. *what Sins shall chase the Gospel hence* 190, 27. *Sin's Overthrow prayed for* 192, 5
- Sin is not to be jested with* 3, 7. 9, 1. *nor boasted of* 2, 25. *nor committed to please others* 2, 13 — 12 *how prevalent it is* 38, 5. *how and where an Estimate may be taken of it* 29, 11. *it far exceedeth Grace in the best* 30, 1. *is greater than the World* 25, 18. 29, 5 — 10. *weakneth, undermineth, ruineth the World* 76, 6, 11, 16. *causeth Sorrow* 41, 1. 55, 26. *hardeneth the Heart* 52, 25. 122, 11, 30, *maketh Prayer successless* 57, 25. *staineth all where it cometh* 58, 21. 168, 7, 14. *is fouler than the Devil* 55, 2. *grieveth God* 128, 17. 129, 10. *Christ's Sorrow for it unconceivable* 25, 21. 29, 13. *it deserveth our Tears* 105, 19 — 26, 129, 1, &c. *and Sighs* 106, 1. *a sovereign Antidote for it* 31, 13. *how it is cleansed* 58, 23 — 26. 122, 5 — 13. 123, 16. *how happy Man was before Sin* 44, 17
- Sin, how ruled by Divine Providence* 110, 13, 16. *its circular Motion* 114, 14 — 29. *its three Stories* 114, 26. *cheapest Sins dearest punished* 3, 13
- Sleep, a-kin to Death* 90, 19. *the Elephant's Posture when he sleepeth* 113, 24. *some Creatures sleep out the*

A T A B L E.

<i>the Winter</i>	III, 4
<i>Slight not the smallest Loss</i>	12, 13
<i>Sneaking, unmanly</i>	5, 7
<i>Solomon's Temple, though glorious</i> 99, 1. <i>not so dear to God as a broken Heart</i> ~	99, 7, 24
<i>Son and Sun agree in Sound and Sense</i>	162, 11
<i>Son of Man, our Saviour's Title</i>	162, 17
<i>Sorrow mindeth us of Sin</i> 174, 21. <i>Worldly Sorrow to be turned into Godly Sorrow</i> 164, 14. <i>Sorrow for Sin causeth Joy</i> 41, 13. 125, 18. <i>Sorrow suiteth not with Christ's Resurrection</i> 104, 19. <i>Our Sorrows here true; our Pleasures false</i> 161, 22—33. 172, 5	
<i>Soul, subject to great Variety of Temper</i> 46, 23. 47, 25. 120, 21. <i>and it is good for her to be so</i> 47, 17. <i>she is too high born to love the World</i> 104, 1—18. <i>she is clogged and dulled by the Flesh</i> 101, 18. 108, 21. <i>how earnestly she longeth for Mercy</i> 142, 13, &c. 156, 157. <i>and for God's Presence</i> 99, 25. 100, 101. <i>God's Favour, the Life and Light of the Soul</i> 177, 19. 178, 1. <i>A godly Soul, like a well-ordered Family</i> 130, 5. <i>Her Employment</i>	105, 19
<i>Sowre Natures, how allayed</i>	8, 7
<i>Spade</i>	112, 20
<i>Speech, proper to Man</i>	83, 22
<i>Speaker. An evil Speaker most Foe to himself</i>	89, 7
<i>Spices, whence</i>	184, 13
<i>Spite turneth Honey into Gall</i>	22, 17
<i>Sponges</i>	113, 20
<i>Spring</i>	18, 15
<i>Springs</i>	III, 19. 112, 30
<i>Stars</i> 65, 13. 66, 10, 15. 71, 14. 127, 17. 132, 19. 145, 19. 156, 13. 175, 22. <i>Causes of the Alterations here below</i> III, 25. <i>Virtue's Foil</i>	170, 16
<i>Stones</i>	III, 21. 113, 8
<i>Storms, of two sorts</i> 125, 1. <i>their use</i>	125, 17

Strangers,

stran
Sun,
19
tio
Sunde
its
22
68
15
Suppe
44
Eff
cra
har
som
Surre
see
Swear
Sweet
Con
Lou
Wor

T
Taran
Tears,
133
164
19—
not
wan

A T A B L E.

- strangers, how far to be followed* 12, 31
Sun, see Son, Sun, thought to make too much haste 73,
 19. *regular in his Course* 5, 22. *he hath a double Mo-*
tion 77, 2. *his Course like the Churches. See Church.*
Sunday. How it became the Christians Sabbath, 68, 1.
its End and Benefit 66, 18. 67, 9. 14, 19, &c. 68, 3,
 22. *Pre-eminence above other Days* 61, 17. 67, 1, 15.
 68, 22. *how it is to be observed* 13, 21. 14, 19. 15,
 15.
Supper. The Lord's Supper, how ravishing a Food 43, 21.
 44, 13. *all invited thereto* 174, 9, &c. *the Delicacy and*
Efficacy thereof 174, 11, 20, 24, 30. 175, 176. *see Sa-*
craments. The Cup there, a sovereign Bath for an
hard Heart 122, 30. *the Liquor in that Cup, Wine to*
some, Blood to others 122, 34. 174, 20.
Suretiship, to be avoided by Fathers of Children 10, 13.
see Rules.
Swearing, a cheap Sin, but dearly punished 32, 13
Sweet. God's Acceptance of our Services, how sweet a
Content 169, 26. 170, 1. *nothing so sweet as God's*
Love 166, 5. 175, 13. 176, 1. *my Master, how sweet*
Words to the Author 169, 10

T.

- T***able. How to behave ones self there* 5, 13
Tales, how to be told 3, 7
Tarantula's biting, how cured 181, 11
Tears, wished for 158, 1. *their Prevalence* 130, 19.
 133, 9. 140, 21. *Fruit* 114, 9. 129, 3. *right Channel*
 164, 17. *Bottle* 152, 19. *when worst forborn* 105,
 19—26. *why Mary Magdalen spent hers on Christ,*
not on her self 168, 1. *Christ's Blood supplieth our*
want of Tears 129, 25. 152, 25

Tempests

A T A B L E.

- Tempests, tractable to God* 110, 25. *A sort of Tempests that assault God himself* 125, 3
- Temple, see Solomon.*
- Temptations of the World, answered* 103, 1, &c.
- Thankful. We can never be too thankful for God's Mercies* 140, 1, &c. *we never are enough* 141, 1. *a thankful Heart a great Blessing* 116, 1
- Thanks should be continual* 117, 1. 123, 25
- Thine and Mine, curiously twisted* 151, 1
- Thorns* 113, 5. *Earth's Curse, on Christ's Head* 24, 5
restless Thoughts, likened to Thorns 123, 8, 22
- Thoughts, see Thorns. Sinful Thoughts, Words, Works run round in a Ring* 114, 14—29
- Thrift, Rules for it* 6, 7, &c.
- Time, how ordered by God* 111, 5. *not to be spent idly and vainly by us* 3, 25. *Time present only ours* 138, 26. *Time's Office, changed by Christ's coming* 115, 9—18. *his Sithe seemeth dull to some, sharp to others* 115, 1. *all Nations have their set Time for the Gospel* 135, 25. 191, 2, 15. *Later Times still worse* 190, 12
- Tithe, see God's due. Nothing lost by paying Tithes* 89, 13
- Tombs, see Monuments. What use to be made of the Sight of them* 56, 18
- Tongue. An ill Tongue hurteth the Owner most* 89, 7
- Travellers. A safe Conduct for them* 89, 1
- Trees* 111, 18
- Trinity, a deep Mystery; Incarnation, a sweet one* 74, 7
- Trinity-Sunday, a Prayer for it* 59, 16
- Truth, ever to be yielded to* 11, 29. *threefold* 3, 19
- Necessary Truths be clear and evident* 128, 1
- Turkey. His Coral Chain, given to Temperance* 62, 5

Valleys,

V
Vanity
Vapour
Verses
dity
Ver
Abu
Blessed
Virtue
170
the
leap
Univer
Vows o
Urim
Use, se

W
Waters
versly
Wealth
strib
See
Wells,
West, s
Whey.
White,

A T A B L E.

V. & U.

- V** Alleys, fruitful
Valour, who truly valiant 9, 13
Vanity and Vexation, all here below 100, 23. 101, 7
Vapour. See Exhalation.
Verses suit not with excessive Sorrow 158, 13. *the Quid-*
dity of a Verse 61, 9. *wherein the Goodness of a*
Verse consisteth 163, 1, &c. 171, 6. *Dove-Verses the*
Abuse of Poetry 171, 7—24. *See Poetry.*
Blessed Virgin, her high Eminences 70, 4
Virtue only immortal 80, 19. *more bright than the Stars*
170, 16. Several Virtues receive several Presents from
the Beast 61, 21. 62, 20. *when they quarrel the Beasts*
leap upon the Throne 62, 13
University Life described 39, 15
Vows of Love to Christ 27, 17, &c. 40, 11
Urim and Thummim, what 168, 20
Use, see Abuse.

W.

- W**atching, Weeping, and Praying, how reward-
ed 114, 5
Waters, how many ways useful to Man 84, 20. *how di-*
versly conveyed by God 112, 29
Wealth without Contentment dangerous 4, 7. *When di-*
stributed to the Poor it is restored to God 28, 19
See Riches.
Wells, see Springs.
West, see Christian Religion.
Whey.
White, Death's Colour 170, 24

Will,

A T A B L E.

<i>Will, with God goeth for the Work</i>	163, 1—15
<i>God's Will, see God.</i>	
<i>Windows, see Preachers.</i>	
<i>Winds serve the Mariner</i>	112, 7. and the Husbandman
	112, 32
<i>Wine in the Lord's Supper, like a Wing mounteth the Soul upward</i>	176, 22
<i>Winter. Man only feeleth two Winters</i>	124, 21
<i>Wishes</i>	40, 3. 53, 1. 55, 1. 65, 18. 68, 25. 71, 16. 85, 1. 90, 11. 98, 1. 99, 29. 108, 25. 121, 12. 138, 1. 141, 7. 146, 25. 153, 3. 157, 5, 21. 158, 1. 160, 22.
<i>Wit, one of the World's Baits</i>	103, 17. how to be managed and employed
	9, 1, &c. 28, 11. 46, 12
<i>Beauty raiseth Wit</i>	46, 1
<i>Woods, where most plentiful</i>	112, 12
<i>Wool</i>	112, 18
<i>Word, see God's Word. Words, all too short to reach Heavenly Joys</i>	95, 1—18
<i>Words</i>	} see Thoughts
<i>and</i>	
<i>Works</i>	
<i>World, God's Book</i>	144, 1. Man's Servant 84, 1—30
<i>whence its Original</i>	76, 1. Changes 76, 6, 11. Support 76, 6, 9, 15. Decay 92, 6. Ruin 76, 16. 92, 10. an Argument of its growing old 92. how little of it is Christian 134, 27. the World the Pope's Mule 180, 30
<i>The World's Bravery, how to be esteemed of</i>	62, 25. we are apt to over-value it 63, 1. it is most full of Afflictions 164, 12. affordeth no Rest or Contentment to the Soul 100, 22. 101, 1. Christians have renounced its Vanities 172, 11. nothing in it worth a Christian's liking 103, 1—24. the Love of it foolish and dangerous 104, 1. who so loveth it preferreth a Murtherer before Christ 165, 1—12. hard to have Pleasure in both Worlds
	131, 13
<i>Worldly Joys, likened to a Rose</i>	172. worldly Losses and Gains

Gain
see S
Worm.

Worship
less

Yea

A T A B L E.

Gains usually affect too much 106, 23. worldly Sorrow,
see Sorrow.

Worm. Schism in the Church, like a Worm in a Rose

134, 1

Worship is God's Prerogative 70, 16. not allowable, un-
less commanded

70, 11, 24

Y.

Y^Ear, which most fruitful

101, 14

Youth, how earnest and sharp 38, 7. 90, 25. 163, 18

F I N I S.

20 MA 59

